No. 217 (New Series), Vol. 5. May 16, 1936

GREAT TRIPLE PRESENTATION for every Reader—See Pages 4 and 5

The PASSING SHOW 2D.

Live Dangerously with J.H. SQUIRE *in*

RHAPSODY IN RED

4 PAGES OF LAUGHTER | 4 COMPLETE STORIES

AN EDDIE CANTOR PAGE

So much to delight.... if you holiday make on the CAMBRIAN COAST

Seventy miles of sheer delight for every holiday-maker—that is the Cambrian Coast. Vast tracts of glorious sands ; the awe-inspiring grandeur of Snowdon, Plinlimmon and the Rivals ; the breath-taking beauty of Devil's Bridge—one could go on indefinitely retailing the attractions which Nature has showered with so lavish a hand on this lovely coast. And where Nature has been generous, man has been no less so, for here are facilities for golf, tennis and every other form of sport and pastime you could possibly desire.

BEFORE YOU GO

Obtain this book:—"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" 1936, (containing Holiday Addresses, etc. price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE

"Monthly Return" Tickets (1d. a mile 3rd, 1½d. a mile 1st class) issued from nearly all stations.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets will enable you to see the best of this lovely district.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Supt. of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station, or the usual Tourist Agencies.

THAT'S ME...

You can't blame the kiddies when they boast of the quantity of Kellogg's Rice Krispies they can consume. The flavour of these crisp-toasted rice bubbles is so delicious that no one can resist it. Children always are fascinated by the food that goes snap, crackle and pop, when the cold milk or cream is poured on.

Let them eat all the Rice Krispies they want. Here is a cereal that is pure, wholesome and easy for young systems to digest. No cooking needed. Ready to serve. Oven-fresh in the inner-sealed WAXTITE bag.

If your family is not already enjoying Rice Krispies introduce them to this delightful and healthful cereal this very day. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's

RICE KRISPIES

7½d Per Packet

458

BLESS HER!

quick! where's the Brilliant?

She's posing again for you—unconsciously. Now you can get her as she really is—simply and easily with the VOIGTLÄNDER BRILLIANT.

Its high-class VOIGTLÄNDER Lens renders negatives of superlative definition and as you get 12 pictures each 2¼ in. square on a roll of 3¼ by 2¼ in., 8 ex. film, the BRILLIANT is most economical.

Your dealer will be pleased to show you the various models ranging from

45/-

with F/7.7 Voigtar Lens to £6 15s. with F/4.5 Skopar Lens and Compur-Rapid (1 sec. 1/400) shutter.

Ask for the 1936 Voigtländer Catalogue or write to:

SCHERING LIMITED
(Voigtländer Dept. 5)
188-192 High Holborn,
London, W.C.1

Taken with a Voigtländer Heliar Lens

ILLUSTRA FILM
FOR SPEED AND SPARKLING NEGATIVES

Voigtländer BRILLIANT

Try This New BEAUTY TRICK

Try this simple plan to-day. It never fails. It will give you a fascinating girlish complexion that will be the admiration and envy of your friends. Carefully smooth all over your face and neck, Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. Then lightly dust over with face powder —for preference Tokalon 'Matt Finish' Powder which is specially made for use with it. The transformation you see in your mirror will astonish you. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood spreads like an invisible film of beauty over the face, giving a smooth loveliness—makes powder spread evenly, prevents all 'caking' or patchiness. Makes the powder stay on four times as long. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil with marvellous tonic and whitening ingredients. These dissolve away blackheads; tighten up enlarged pores; whiten and soften the darkest, roughest skin. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood : 6d. and 1/-.

SKIN BLEMISHES & INSECT BITES *quickly disappear...*

Many thousands of women have proved for themselves that D.D.D. Brand Prescription clears their skin of blemishes and spots—men use it to allay after-shaving irritation—and it is equally good for soothing and healing insect bites and stings. D.D.D. Prescription is antiseptic, speedy and sure.

D·D·D BRAND PRESCRIPTION

HEALS SKIN DISEASES, TOO

Apply D.D.D. Brand Prescription as directed, and note how quickly diseases such as Eczema and Dermatitis are healed. Irritation disappears—healthy skin is formed—thanks to wonderful D.D.D. Brand Prescription. Keep a bottle in your home. **1/3**

Sold by all Chemists

Free

GENEROUS TRIAL BOTTLE
Send a postcard to D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. P.S. 16, Fleet Lane, London, E.C. 4; and a generous trial bottle will be forwarded to you FREE.

ARE YOU SURROUNDED BY ADMIRERS ?

Are you the centre of attraction or are you just another wallflower deserted in favour of more fortunate friends? YOU can be the life of the party, confident in the compelling allure of a new charm. Gondolier is a wonderful new Dayvester perfume that adds just that touch of enchantment which brings men to your feet. You will be delighted with its subtle fragrance. Take advantage of this special offer.

ACTUAL SIZE

Gondolier
A DELIGHTFUL PERFUME

SPECIAL ADVERTISING OFFER

If your local chemist cannot supply you with "Gondolier" send this Coupon with only 4½d. in stamps and we will send you POST FREE a full 1/- size bottle of this entirely new perfume.

COUPON
To DAYVESTER PERFUMERIES, Dept. P.S.
87 Shepherds Lane, Leeds.

Name .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK CAPITALS

PERM-WAVE YOUR OWN HAIR

for "PASSING SHOW" Readers Only

to introduce the Janet Complete Waving Outfit which has astonished the Hairdressing world by its simplicity and effectiveness in creating at home long-lasting waves in the modern style.

The Complete Outfit includes

Janet's Magnetic Wavers
Wave-Setting Cap
6d. Wave-Setting Lotion

and is offered to "Passing Show" **Readers Only** (and only by post at **9d.** all in, with 3d. extra for part postage, etc.).

The directions are so simple you can't go wrong. You **cannot fail** to get those real professional waves in any style you desire first time you use this Janet Outfit. **Every "Passing Show" reader will have her money returned if she is not delighted with this big Advertising Bargain in every way.**

All your friends will think you have paid for an expensive West End "Perm." Fill in and post coupon below **NOW** while the supply lasts.

Post with 1/- Postal Order (being 9d. for the outfit and 3d. part cost postage, etc.) to:—
JANET ("Passing Show" Dept.),
323 City Road, London, E.C.1.
Please send me by return of post a complete Janet Waving Outfit, with full instructions, under the money-back guarantee.
Name .....
Address .....
16/5/36 .....

THE LURE OF THE SCOTTISH LOCHS

Have you never stood on the edge of a sombre yet serene Scottish loch—dumb with admiration? But you MUST! For until you do, one of the fundamental beauties of British scenery has been lost to you. It is an experience no one forgets, ever. A lure that draws you back again irresistibly—once felt. Moreover, to fish in the solitude of a Scottish loch is to be the compleat (and utterly content) angler.

With a Monthly Return Ticket you can travel to Scotland by any of the famous expresses and you may, if you wish, break your journey at any station on the route, going or coming back. The fare is only one penny a mile (third class), three-halfpence first class, and the tickets are available for a calendar month in either direction. In many parts of Scotland you can get Weekly Holiday Season Tickets; their price is from 7s. 6d. and with them you are free to travel by any train in a wide area for a week.

With a return ticket to Scotland you have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station.

The following holiday guides are obtainable from L.N.E.R or L M S offices and agencies:

"SCOTLAND FOR THE HOLIDAYS"
"LAND OF SCOTT AND BURNS"
"CLYDE AND LOCH LOMOND"
"THROUGH THE TROSSACHS"
L.N.E.R: "THE HOLIDAY HANDBOOK" (6d.)
L M S: "SCOTTISH APARTMENTS GUIDE" (3d.)

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4½d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.

Stay at L M S or L·N·E·R Hotels

LMS L·N·E·R

IT'S QUICKER BY RAIL !

Look at your Shoes!

The Sign of HIGH CLASS SHOE REPAIR SERVICE
PHILLIPS RUBBERS

If the Heels

are not branded Phillips, they are not the genuine article.

Therefore, since you have every right to the *treble wear* you paid for, and which *only Phillips give*, we make the following unique offer.

If you ordered Phillips Heels, and they were not fitted, send your shoes to us, with the name and address of your Bootman, and

WE WILL FIT GENUINE PHILLIPS FREE OF CHARGE

and also refund your postage!

Phillips Patents Ltd., Dept. P.S.6, Western Avenue, Acton, London, W.3.

"they must be Phillips HEELS"

'Last the time of three'

"The Passing Show's" GREAT TRIPLE

This Great Triple Presentation is available in two styles as illustrated here. Illustrations are larger than actual size.

THE STANDARD STYLE

On the left is an illustration of the Standard Set. Illustration slightly enlarged to show more clearly the streamline beauty of this Set.

THE SUPERB DE LUXE STYLE

On the right is an illustration of the exquisite De Luxe Set with the INLAID ROLLED GOLD BANDS on pen and pencil. Illustration slightly enlarged to show more clearly the streamline beauty of this Set.

How to Qualify

YOUR Reservation Form "A," which is on the opposite page, MUST BE POSTED AT ONCE together with the Label "B" to which you must affix a halfpenny stamp. This reserves your Set in your name in the Style you specify—Standard OR De Luxe. Cut out the Reservation Form "A" and label "B" and post them now.

It is a condition of this Presentation that your newsagent holds a written order from you for regular supply of "The Passing Show."

On the right is your Presentation Voucher. Keep it carefully until you have qualified for your set. To qualify for your Set cut out the token, Series "A," from the RIGHT-HAND bottom corner of the page facing the inside back cover of "The Passing Show." Do this with TWELVE consecutive issues. Affix each token to the Voucher with paste or gum—NOT pins. Applicants from this announcement may commence with No. "A1" in this issue. NO OTHER SERIES OF TOKENS WILL BE ACCEPTED. Having collected TWELVE separate tokens from 12 weekly issues of "The Passing Show," complete the Voucher and "With Care" Label as requested.

When your Voucher is completed—that is, after the twelve weeks and NOT before—it MUST be sent in to "The Passing Show" accompanied by a Postal Order for **1s. 10d.** (one shilling and tenpence), which includes postage, packing in carton, insurance, etc., on your Set. If you require the **De Luxe Set** send **11d. extra,** making **2s. 9d.** in all, which includes postage, packing, insurance, etc.

Upon receipt of properly completed Voucher and "With Care" Label, together with Postal Order for the correct amount, your Set, in the style specified, will be immediately dispatched to you.

GENERAL NOTES.—After the completed Voucher is sent in, allow a few days for your Set to reach you. No person may qualify for more than one Set and no Set will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or Irish Free State. Applicants from Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

KEEP THE VOUCHER BELOW and "With Care" Label until you have qualified for your Set. Then complete and send in as directed. Do not enclose any other correspondence.

THE PASSING SHOW

A1 TO QUALIFY

Above is an illustration showing a token similar to those you are asked to cut out from twelve consecutive issues of "Passing Show." Tokens appear in the RIGHT-HAND bottom corner of the page facing the inside back cover of "Passing Show." Affix each Token with paste or gum, NOT pins.

1	7
2	8
3	9
4	10
5	11
6	12

Presentation Voucher

for Fountain Pen, Propelling Pencil & Penknife

Post to:—Presentation Dept., "The Passing Show," Neal Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

I CERTIFY that the tokens affixed to this Voucher were cut from twelve consecutive issues of "The Passing Show" purchased from the newsagent whose name and address are given below for verification purposes. Please send my Fountain Pen, Pencil, and Penknife in the style (Standard or De Luxe) specified below, to the address on my "With Care" Label. I have indicated type of nib I require, and enclose Postal Order as specified below which includes postage, packing in carton, and insurance, etc. I am not qualifying for another Set under this scheme.

STANDARD SET — 1/10
DE LUXE SET — 2/9

YOU MUST CROSS OUT SET NOT REQUIRED.

VERY IMPORTANT ← Please do this immediately.

STYLE OF NIB. A Nib can be fitted to the Fountain Pen to suit your hand. Please indicate which style you would like. **Broad** / **Medium** / **Fine** — Strike out styles NOT required.

P.O. Number..... Value..... Date.....

Write your name and address on the back of P.O., cross / & Co./ and make payable to "The Passing Show." If remitting 1/10 send P.O. for 1/6 with fourpence in stamps firmly affixed. If remitting 2/9 send P.O. for 2/6 with threepence in stamps firmly affixed. **Do not send loose stamps.**

Your Signature .....

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME ..... (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

Give your Newsagent's name and address below :—

NEWSAGENT .....

ADDRESS .....

Leave Blank for Office Use. VERIFIED. ..... District Supervisor.

Before sending in this Voucher read the simple directions on left carefully.

WITH CARE

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

.....

P.S. If undelivered, please return to "The Passing Show" 46 Castle St., London, W.C.2 **P.K.**

WRITTEN GUARANTEE FOR 2 YEARS

accompanies each Pen

HAVE YOU A FRIEND

who would like to join in this Great Presentation? A Presentation such as this is something everyone will want to enjoy—so why not do your friend a good turn by calling his attention to this announcement? Tell him to get a copy of this issue of "The Passing Show" to-day before it's sold out! He'll thank you for pointing out this amazing opportunity.

PRESENTATION

This Superb

10/6 GIFT SET

FOR EVERY READER

Reserve Your Set on the Forms below at once

SOMETHING NEW! Something really unique! The most magnificent offer of its kind ever made! This week "The Passing Show," to celebrate its wonderful, ever-increasing progress and popularity, invites every one of its readers to accept a grand Triple Presentation—A BEAUTIFUL STREAMLINED INLAID-LEVER, SELF-FILLING *GOLD NIB* FOUNTAIN PEN GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS—A COMPANION PROPELLING PENCIL—AND A COMPANION PENKNIFE, WITH TWO BLADES OF MIRROR POLISHED SHEFFIELD STEEL—all to match—all British made—a Gift Set well worth 10s. 6d. Here is a Presentation which will meet with instantaneous and nation-wide approval—something you will treasure every day of your life. You are advised to reserve your set at once on the Forms below. All applications will be treated in strict rotation. In order to make it easier than ever for you to qualify, "The Passing Show" places your Presentation Voucher in your hands now—it is actually printed on the opposite page.

This Set is a Remarkable New Idea!

The Pen, Pencil and Penknife are all made to match in a brilliant black material—The Fountain Pen is fitted with a **guaranteed 14-carat solid gold nib with a jewel-like tip of iridium**—thus ensuring a perfect pen with years of writing service. The Pen is perfectly fashioned out of a new unbreakable material. It is fitted with the latest classic style clip, and has a Safety sleeve device on the pencap, protecting the nib when not in use and preventing leakage. **The Pen is guaranteed for two years.**

The Ever-pointed Pencil is of the same unbreakable material as the pen. It is fitted with the new classic style clip and has a non-overturnable propel, repel and expel movement. There is a lead container at the top of the pencil and extra leads are provided. Both the Pen and the Pencil are of an attractive modern streamline design, specially constructed and finished to give perfect balance.

The companion Penknife, finished to match, which completes this handsome Set, is fitted with two special quality, mirror polished, **Sheffield steel blades.**

Would you like a DE LUXE SET?

Realising what a lifetime companion this Presentation will be to readers—the almost hourly usefulness it will give—the admiration it will create amongst your friends — "The Passing Show" has arranged for a limited supply of these superb Sets to be produced in a really high quality De Luxe Style. This De Luxe Set is of rare workmanship and beauty. Not only is every feature of the Standard Set to be found in this De Luxe Set, but, in addition, the entire De Luxe Set is made more valuable, more magnificent, more desirable than ever, by the inclusion of an exquisite piece of craftsmanship, usually found in only really high-class Sets. The De Luxe gold nib Fountain Pen is richly enhanced by TWO INLAID BANDS OF REAL 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD. But that isn't all! The Propelling Pencil, too, is embellished by an INLAID BAND OF REAL 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD. For the small nominal extra amount you send for this De Luxe Set, it really is a Presentation in a million.

Do this Now

First fill in the Reservation Form "A" below. This reserves your Set in your name in the Style you specify—Standard OR De Luxe—and MUST be sent to us at once, together with the Label "B" which must have a halfpenny stamp firmly affixed. **DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY WITH THESE FORMS. BE SURE TO INDICATE WHICH STYLE YOU WANT RESERVED.** You should also indicate on your Voucher on the opposite page the style you have chosen.

On receipt of the Reservation Form "A" and Label "B" with a halfpenny stamp affixed, "The Passing Show" will immediately set aside and reserve in your name a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife in the style you specify.

ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE is your Presentation Voucher on which you start right away to qualify for your Set. **You are asked to keep this Voucher carefully and affix to it 12 tokens (Series A) from 12 successive issues of "The Passing Show."** Begin this week with token **No. "A.1,"** which you will find in the **bottom right-hand corner** of the page facing the inside back cover of this issue.

No person may apply for more than one Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife.

Apply To-day!

"Passing Show" readers will hasten in their scores of thousands to secure this superb Triple Gift Presentation. Don't miss this unique opportunity. The only way to make certain is to fill in the forms below and post them at once.

POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE

IMPORTANT.—It is a condition of this offer that your Newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of "The Passing Show". If he holds no written order from you, you **MUST HAND THE FORM "C" BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT TO-DAY.**

C

"PASSING SHOW"
2d. Every Friday.
ORDER FORM

To .....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve "The Passing Show" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

CUT AROUND DOTTED RULE (Do not separate Reservation Form and Label)

A

POST AT ONCE!
Send no money with this form

RESERVATION FORM

The Label on the right MUST bear a halfpenny stamp and be filled in with your name and FULL POSTAL ADDRESS very clearly written in BLOCK LETTERS.

This Reservation Form, with Label on right may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp.

This form reserves in your name the Presentation of a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife.

To Dept. (P.W.1) "The Passing Show," 3 Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

In accordance with the simple conditions of your special offer, please reserve in my name a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife. The newsagent whose name and address are below for verification purposes holds my written order for the regular weekly supply of "The Passing Show." I certify I have not applied for another Presentation Set under this scheme. **N.B.—You MUST indicate below the Style—Standard or De Luxe—which you wish reserved in your name.**

STANDARD SET {You MUST cross out Set NOT required.} **DE LUXE SET**

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

READER'S NAME.....
State Mr., Mrs. or Miss.
ADDRESS .....

.....

NAME OF NEWSAGENT .....

ADDRESS .....

DATE _____

LEAVE BLANK Checked

.....
District Supervisor.

This special Reservation Form must be received by NOT later than Friday, May 22.
"Passing Show," 16/5/36.

B

Halfpenny Stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by YOU

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

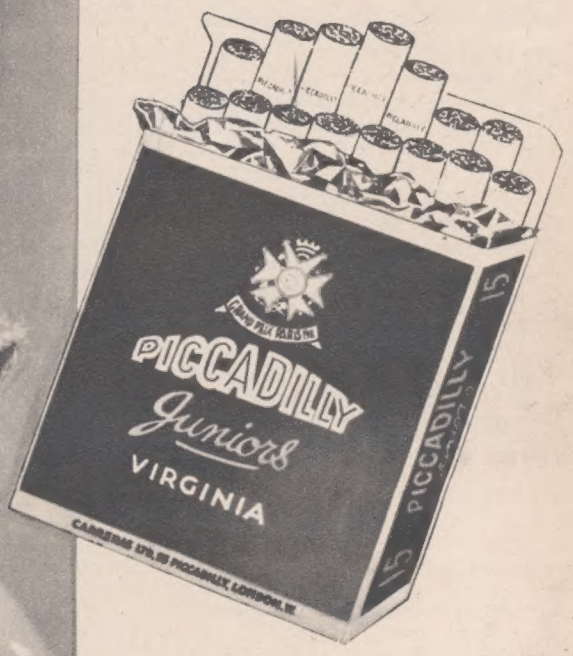
.....

P.S.I P.K.

"Piccadilly grow on you the more you smoke them"

PACKETS

15 for 6D.



ALSO IN PACKETS OF - 10 for 4d.
OVAL TINS OF - - - 30 for 1/-
FLAT POCKET BOXES - 30 for 1/-

PICCADILLY

Junior SIZE – SENIOR QUALITY
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

PJ.96

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD. 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

The PASSING SHOW
No. 217. Vol. 5. MAY 16. 193

Living Dangerously to the Rhythm of

Rhapsody in Red

● A year after the photograph below was taken "Jack" Squire, then ten years old, was sailing round the Horn in such a windjammer as this.

J. H. SQUIRE

whose Celeste Octet has been charming radio audiences with its gentle melodies for thirteen years, has been a "Jack-of-all-Trades" living a life of adventure to the rhythm of dangerous music. He has written his thrilling story exclusively for "Passing Show"

WHEN I was twelve years old I learned to play the cornet; before I was thirteen I had killed my first man, but that was with a different instrument—a crowbar. This may be a surprise for those of you who have listened to my broadcasts or my gramophone records, but life was full of surprises for me, too, long before my Celeste Octet struck up for the first time before the microphone thirteen years ago.

I never specialised in jazz, though I virtually introduced it to this country, but I've lived to the tune of "hot music," and I have constantly been in and out of hot water.

The Squires are of Devonshire stock. My great grandfather, when Mayor of Great Torrington, near Bideford, committed his own brother to Taunton Assizes, where he was tried for sheep-stealing and subsequently hanged. Both of them must have been rather tough men.

My grandfather, the Mayor's son, married Susan Brinsmead, whose brother founded the pianoforte firm of that name. Perhaps I owe my musical ear to Grandmother Susan.

Father was musical, too. And tough. He made pianos and showed them at the famous exhibition that Queen Victoria opened in Hyde Park in 1851. If he ever spoiled me at all, it certainly wasn't because he spared the rod.

He gave me one thrashing too many just before I was twelve. I was at the Sidney Road (Homerton) Board School then and I must have been a bright youngster at my lessons because I had already passed out of the sixth standard. I was chosen as one of two boys to sit for a four years' scholarship to the Merchant Taylors' School, and I thought it would be fun to win that scholarship without telling anybody at home.

Unfortunately the headmaster met my father, mentioning my prospects with some enthusiasm. Father made no comment, but in the evening he taxed me with deceiving him. "Go to your bed, boy!" he finished sternly, and I knew what that meant.

Shaking with terror and resentment, I undressed. Then father came with a strap and thrashed me until I almost fainted. This is no exaggeration. Hearing my screams, mother came running upstairs and made father stop beating me. But I was given no comfort beyond a crust of dry bread and a cup of water.

Next morning, to my astonishment, I was packed off to sit for the examination. Mother begged me to forget all about my thrashing.

The first examination paper seemed easy. I could answer all the questions, but I could think of nothing but the weals on my back. Suddenly the injustice of that thrashing suddenly overcame me, and I put my head on my arms and cried my heart out. When the papers were collected, my own were blank.

Then I knew I should be "for it" again, but was determined that I wouldn't put up with another thrashing. While there was nobody in the house, I broke open father's desk, took four golden sovereigns, and ran away to sea in my best suit. The note I left for mother was smudgy with tears.

I went to Newport, Mon., by train, and walked straight to the docks. The watchman on duty must have known that I was running away from home, but two half-crowns persuaded him to take me along to the three-masted barque, "*Queen Anne*," a tramp of 275 tons burthen, ready to sail for San Francisco on the next tide.

The first mate, Mr. Herns, wanted a ship's boy and, as I was a well-grown, sturdy lad, didn't ask questions. I was signed on at seven and sixpence a month and told to get "forrard." We sailed that evening—four days before my twelfth birthday.

While this shabby little sailing ship lay becalmed, I was taught to play the cornet by the only good-natured sailor in the crew, who was drinking my rum ration at the time.

I'm glad no boy of eleven could run away to sea like that now, because there is such a thing as getting tough too young. The Captain of the *Queen Anne* was a glum Scot with a bullet head and a mouth like a rat trap. He had huge, bony fists; his eyes were very blue and his face was the colour of tanned leather.

In his own way, he was deeply religious, but that didn't prevent his swearing with the worst or from being a real artist with a belaying pin.

The Captain didn't knock me about and nobody else was allowed to when he was there, but he seldom was about, and Mr. Herns, for some reason or other, took a dislike to me.

"Say Sir, when you speak to me, and don't forget it boy!" he said to me first day out, adding a blow on the side of the head that nearly knocked me off my feet to make me remember.

Everybody kicked and cuffed the ship's boy—it seemed the only way to train "the little stinker" to be half-way decent—but I hated the mate more than I hated any other man aboard.

There were two Swedes, three or four Norwegians, one huge German, two Asiatics—Lascars, I suppose—and five Englishmen, all blackguards, except Kerryman, who kicked me impartially at the start but soon became my friend. He saved me from more than one hiding. When they were drunk the Englishmen were worse than the rest of the crew, and ships' officers couldn't hold a job then unless they were ready and able to use their fists and their boots. A good officer liked to feel that he could lick any man in the ship.

We slept in bunks, over which vermin crawled, and we ate salt beef out of a tub, and hard biscuits full of weevils. There were vegetables for the first few days out of port, but scurvy was rampant before the voyage ended.

I became hardened to kicks and blows, but I never got used to washing in the small tub that had

(*continued on page* 8)

Continuing RHAPSODY IN RED

to serve for the ablutions of the entire forecastle. I dropped a bucket overside and washed on deck.

I was very sick when we ran into dirty weather, and some of the crew decided they had better "learn me" to be ill. They made me swallow a piece of fat pork on the end of a string and then pulled it up again with shouts of laughter. I do not recommend this as a cure for seasickness, but it worked in my case. I suppose I had reached the limit to this queer complaint, but after the salt pork there was never any weather that could upset my stomach.

My first weeks at sea were sheer misery. Worse than all the cursing and kicking was an almost intolerable sense of loneliness and homesickness. After the crew had exhausted its private supply of liquor things were a little better. Kerryman would actually fling a gruff, but positively friendly, word at me now and again. When that happened for the first time I could hardly keep back the tears. Eventually, Kerryman developed an almost dog-like devotion; of course he received my rum ration, scrupulously served out to me with the rest of the crew.

Work helped me a lot. A ship's boy is at everybody's call. Cleaning out the officers' quarters, was my special job, and I was always on the go, the boatswain teaching me knotting and splicing, and Kerryman improving my education in other ways.

After a while, there were times when I was almost happy. I loved the feel of the sea and the smell of it. I learned to duck blows and to jump to an order ahead of the boot that was always there to enforce it. Always hungry and always fit, I would fall asleep as soon as I crawled into my bunk, waking easily when my four-hours watch below was ended. To this day I never sleep more than four hours at a stretch. I wake by instinct and can just turn over and go to sleep again if I want to do so.

There was little idle time aboard the *Queen Anne* except when she lay becalmed. It was during such a patch of calm weather, unexpected in the winter, that Kerryman brought out his cornet and gave me a new ambition.

Since that afternoon in December, 1891, I have heard men play this difficult instrument worse than he did—but not many. Even then I could tell Kerryman was no musician, but I listened entranced, and begged him to let me try. He had my rum ration, so he handed the battered old cornet over to me with a tolerant grin.

"Don't suck it, you little devil!" he warned me. "*Spit* into it! Spit like you was eating figs and blowing the seeds out. That's the only way to blow a cornet at all."

He wasn't far wrong. I spluttered and bit by bit found the scale.

Before long I could play two tunes—"The Heart Bowed Down," and "Tom Bowling." Kerryman was astonished, and profanely complimentary.

Actually I was playing the 'cello professionally long before I had ever had a lesson. Indeed, I have only had five music lessons in my life. Jacques Renard, principal 'cellist in the Queen's Hall Orchestra in pre-war days, gave me these five lessons, and then said: "All right; you'll do." I could learn to use any new instrument very quickly.

Soon after my memorable first adventure in music we ran into my first big storm. The weather was bitterly cold and it took us three weeks to fight round the dreaded Cape Horn. The men were seldom out of oilskins and icicles hung from their moustaches. You have to swarm frozen rigging in such weather to realise what cold really means.

My ship was a seaworthy old tub, despite all her faults, and the Captain knew his job, so we had made the calmer seas of the Pacific by Christmas Day. Dinner was salt beef and iron-hard biscuits just as usual, but the Captain served out a treble ration of rum all round, giving me a packet of cough tablets. It was my first Christmas away from home and, as the men grew hilarious, I grew more and more miserable.

The day might have passed off fairly well if a gasket hadn't broken away up on the fore top-gallant sail.

The Mate, carrying a larger cargo of liquor than anybody aboard, yelled for me as usual.

"Away aloft and splice that gasket you lazy, misbegotten little swine!" he shouted, giving me a cuff on the side of the head that sent me reeling.

As a "Jack-of-all-Trades," J. H. Squire knows something of the mysteries of the culinary art, and the advice he brings from the galley of a windjammer to his own kitchen does not seem to be resented.

By this time I had mastered all the knots and splices, and I could have stood my trick at the wheel if necessary. I dashed up the rigging and soon I was sitting astride the spar, splicing the gasket and making all taut and secure. But it was still bitterly cold and as I worked my mind was busy with thoughts of home, wondering what mother was doing and whether she was thinking about me.

What with the cold and this spasm of acute homesickness, my eyes filled with tears as I descended to deck. Mr. Herns saw me, and seizing me by the shoulder, shouted, "What the hell's the matter with you, you snivelling little devil? By hookey! I'll give you something to snivel over!"

So he thrashed me with a piece of tarred rope until I fell, only half conscious, into the scuppers. There Kerryman found me. I was too far gone to answer him, so he carried me below, giving me a pannikin of hot tea lashed with rum.

The mate was half drunk when he gave me this brutal and utterly undeserved thrashing, but he was sober enough to know what he was doing. He did it because it amused him.

As I lay in my bunk shaking with pain and rage, shutting my teeth on my sobs, I prayed with all my heart and soul that one day I should have a chance to get even.

I must own to a thoroughly vindictive streak, for, when eleven years later I was given my chance to get even with Mr. Herns, I took it most joyfully.

This story doesn't belong here, but I think I'll tell it now for all that. Eleven years didn't change Mr. Herns much. He wore a new uniform, that of Captain of a French mail boat, that it wasn't surprising that he didn't recognise me, for I was then a musician in the warship *Terrible* and I was near to middleweight naval championship form.

My ship was at anchor in Hong Kong and I was on shore leave, playing snooker in the Hong Kong hotel, when somebody jerked my cue arm, causing me to miss potting a sitting red. My opponent needed only three or four for game and ran out.

The man who had jolted me was very apologetic. I wasn't sure but I thought at once that there was something familiar about the "cut of his ugly jib."

"That s all right," I said. "Come out on the colonnade and have a drink."

There was a sort of porch outside the hotel in those days with a door that could shut it off from the noisy crowd inside. The waiter brought us drinks there and, when he was gone, we began talking. This captain told me that his ship had just brought in our mail.

"I've got a sort of idea, Captain," I said to him, "that I've seen you before somewhere. Tell me, d'you remember the *Queen Anne*?"

He remembered all right and he said things about the old tub which, coming from anybody else, would have done me good to hear. I recalled most of the crew to him by name or description and he was curious to "place" me in the collection.

"There was a boy," I said casually, "on the trip between Newport and 'Frisco one time. What *was* the kid's name?"

"Squire—Jack Squire," agreed the Captain instantly. "Too fresh that boy was and the old man was too easy with him. But I looked after him. I gave him one hiding that I'll bet he still remembers."

"Mr. Herns," I said, "you're right! He does remember it, and, what's more he's going to paste hell out of you here and now. I'm Jack Squire."

When I had finished with Mr. Herns, some friends helped him away, but he sued me for assault. The civil court magistrate heard the whole story and then fined me ten dollars. "Such vendetta like hatred, is devilish," he said, shaking a solemn head.

It may be, but I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred times ten dollars.

To go back to the *Queen Anne*: soon after Christmas we were short of water and the Captain decided to stand in to shore, drop anchor and lower boats to replenish.

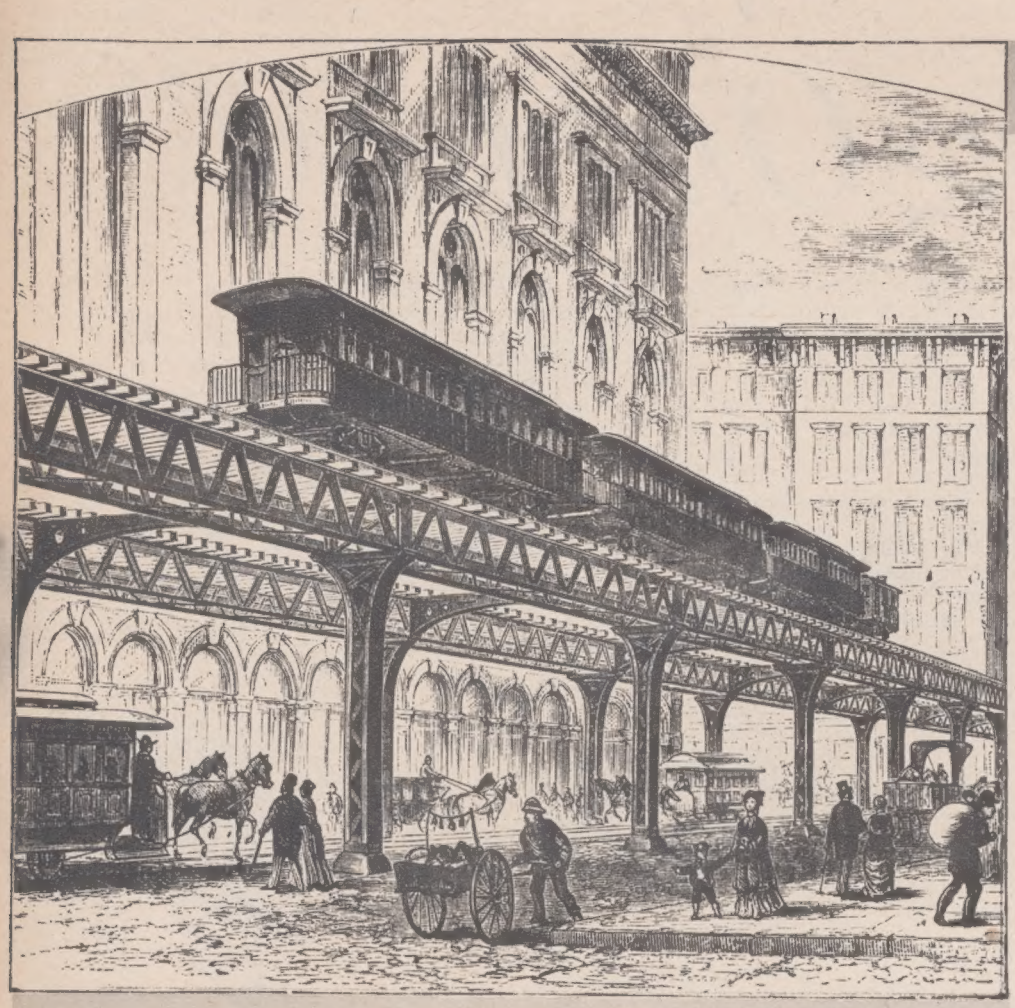
Thanks to Kerryman, they found room for me in one of the boats and presently we landed on a stretch of sandy Patagonian coast. The men were armed with all sorts of weapons from marline spikes to revolvers and, though there was no village in sight, a bunch of the most villainous looking coloured men I have ever seen appeared from nowhere and came running towards us, shouting and waving their arms.

The Captain walked calmly toward them taking no notice of their dangerous-looking spears.

The palaver that followed was incomprehensible. One of the crew—a huge German nicknamed Fritz—told me all the people of that coast were cannibals and added with a wide grin that the Captain would probably trade me to them for fruit and water. Presently the villagers, still jabbering and gesticulating, went away only to return with loads of fruit and gourds of what appeared to be goat's milk.

In exchange the Captain gave them pieces of gaily-coloured cotton. We all became very friendly, and for two days we were busy taking on supplies of various kinds, the "cannibals" assisting us with the utmost good will.

I never slept a wink during the first night ashore, but I don't suppose there was any danger, for the natives were quite harmless. Actually they seemed almost pathetically friendly, and I was sorry to see the last of them, for the shore was more comfortable than the ship—at least for the ship's boy. Eventually we resumed our voyage, and finally reached the Golden Gate—San Francisco—with no other adventure of importance.



Heard the sudden thunder of the ugly Elevated.

THIS is the first of four articles in which "Jack" Squire is to describe the "high lights" of his thrilling life of adventure. The second will appear in a fortnight.

We arrived in the middle of the great gold rush, and "Klondike fever" was running so high that entire crews would desert at 'Frisco, leaving ships stranded for weeks.

As our Captain was part-owner of the *Queen Anne*, he was taking no chances. There was no shore leave. The men were in a state of blasphemous frenzy, and I listened wide-eyed to their story of great nuggets that could be turned up "like digging potatoes." But I was too young to feel the full effect of gold fever. I was, however, driven frantic by the sight of the shore. If I could have swum far enough, I would have dropped overboard like a shot during our first night at anchor.

We had been cooped up in this little barque of less than three hundred tons for 165 days, barring only those days ashore when we were taking on fresh water.

Burning with gold lust and the terrible craving for liquor created by the sight of port, the men were near to mutiny all the week we lay at anchor out in the bay.

There was no cargo going out of 'Frisco that trip, and at the end of a week we were sailing for Rio. It was an uneventful voyage with the usual routine of filthy grub and cuffs and kicks for the ship's boy. But I had some more cornet practice, and at Rio we were allowed ashore for twelve golden hours.

Although we called at other Brazilian ports, we could not find a cargo at the Captain's price, and eventually we made the Nantucket lightship, two hundred miles from New York. Three days later we were in dock at New York, loading cargo and, when this job was completed, we were given shore leave until midnight, at which hour the *Queen Anne* was due to sail, homeward bound, on the night tide.

Being homeward bound, there was now little fear of desertion, and certainly no thought of it in my mind. Walking beside Kerryman, I glanced back at the ship over my shoulder and groaned to think I should be back aboard her so soon.

With one accord, the crew made for the nearest saloon they knew in the Bowery. I went with them, staring at the crowds and the unfamiliar scenes. They started drinking immediately, and Kerryman bought me a whisky which I forced myself to swallow as evidence of manhood. Then he forgot me.

The Bowery *was* the Bowery in those days; dirty, teeming with life, vicious, dangerous and cosmopolitan. We moved from one saloon to another, while the precious minutes of shore leave were running to waste. I couldn't bear to watch the clock. I wanted desperately to explore, but I was half-afraid to leave Kerryman and the others.

My one friend, well-loaded by this time, was arguing at the bar with an evil-looking Italian, while a flashily dressed woman grinned from one to the other.

"Here, Jack," cried Kerryman suddenly. "Hold this damned cornet for me!"

He never went ashore without it. His repertoire was almost as limited as my own, but he liked to be able to start a tune when the drinking bout was at the right stage for music.

As I took the cornet, the Italian flashed a knife. The woman screamed and Kerryman uttered a bellow of sheer joy. It must have been grand to be able to hit somebody who wasn't an officer. Kerryman caught the other man's wrist with one hand and knocked him out, a right-arm hook to the jaw, with the other.

Nobody took much notice and the woman stopped screaming. Kerryman flung the Italian out on the sidewalk and went back to buy more whisky for the girl and himself.

By that time I had made up my mind to explore. I walked, for miles as it seemed to me, until I was brought up standing by the grandest street and the most brilliantly lighted advertisements I had ever seen in my life. I was in Broadway, "the Great White Way," in the very beginnings of its illuminations, a mere rush-light to what it is now, but looking like a million diamonds to me.

I was entranced. The hours slid by uncounted while I watched the crowded streets, marvelled at the magnificence of theatre and restaurant crowds, heard the sudden thunder of the ugly Elevated, or peered into tunnels destined to become New York's Underground.

Suddenly I realised that it was very late. Traffic thinned; some of the sky signs went out, and I asked a policeman the way to Tenth Avenue, setting off at a frightened run. I reached the docks just before three o'clock in the morning and stared unbelievingly over empty water.

The *Queen Anne* was gone. She had sailed on the night tide as we had been warned. I was overwhelmed with panic for several minutes. Then I began to laugh. I was free. My heart sang with the thought of it.

"To hell with 'm all!" I said aloud in a voice that had not yet broken. "All except Kerryman!" Lordly, I spat into the water and turned back to the city without a penny in my pocket.

It was a fine night, but cold. I walked the streets until the dawn broke, and before six I stole a can of milk from outside a tenement house. All that day I wandered about with Kerryman's battered cornet under my arm. I stole another can of milk in the afternoon. I was too thrilled to be frightened, but I did feel hungry. Nobody seemed to take any notice of me.

At half past seven I gave my first solo performance to the patrons of one of the most famous restaurants in the world. True, I stood at the curb outside the revolving doors, but the diners at Delmonico's payed me the first money I had earned as a musician.

Lifting the cornet to my lips and playing with all the strength of my lungs, I burst into "The Heart Bowed Down." A woman in a marvellous fur wrap tugged at her cavalier's arm.

"Listen to that boy!" she said, "isn't he cute? Give him something Bob!"

Her young man was looking only at her and I don't blame him, for she was a lovely girl. But he threw a "quarter" (about a shilling) into my cap, and after that the dimes and the nickels and the pennies kept on falling. By the time Delmonico's had emptied again I had collected nearly five dollars.

That money was the sweetest I have ever earned. I wouldn't have changed places that night with old "Jawn D." Rockefeller himself. Clutching my cornet triumphantly, I went back to the docks on Tenth Avenue, found a small, cheap restaurant, and ate a huge and glorious meal.

Then a waiter gave me the address of a near-by tenement where sea-faring folk could find cheap lodgings. A dollar deposit secured me a share in a topmost garret. My fellow lodger was a night-working stevedore who claimed the bed and room by day, but I saw little of him and, when we did meet, he took me for granted with a tolerant indifference.

Next morning I made up my mind to start a real job. Still down in dockland, I bought some brushes and blacking and the friendly asistant in the little store gave me an empty wooden box. Thus equipped, I made my way to Madison Square Gardens, just where Twenty-Third Street joins Broadway, and tried my luck, very nervously, with the enormous cop on duty there.

This good-natured Irishman, a well-known character in the New York police force of those days, was no other than "Big Tim" Sullivan.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, "but I've missed my ship and I'd like to try blacking boots just about here if you'll let me?"

"Son," said the big policeman solemnly, "this here's a free country. But tell me the whole story and let's get things straight."

He heard me out with a twinkle in his eye until I came to the end and repeated my request to be allowed to set up as a bootblack.

"Sure, son!" he agreed. "You put up your bit of a box over there and go right ahead. 'Big Tim' will look after ye and nobody's going to interfere with you while he's around."

That's how I started business. For eight months I blacked boots in Madison Square and was happy. That was during the daytime. In the evenings I sold matches and played the cornet. I not only made enough to live on, but I also saved money. I wrote to mother, telling her I was well and in a good job, and I even sent father back the four pounds I had "borrowed" from his desk.

Twice a week "Big Tim" Sullivan took me home with him to supper and in return I used to play on Kerryman's cornet to him and his large family. By this time I was quite a star performer and had taught myself many new tunes.

There was not so much fuss about immigration laws in those days and the United States was truly a land of opportunity for anybody. I might have stopped over there for good if it had not been for two "roughnecks" of the early gangsters. One of them "got fresh" with "Big Tim" when he was on duty. Sullivan could have knocked the stuffing out of him "with wan hand toied behind him," but the second gangster pulled a gun and shot him dead.

I did not see the fight, but as I saw them taking my friend away on a stretcher, I choked with grief. The "cop" who replaced Tim was a different character. He made me pack up my box and brushes his first day on duty, warning me not to let him catch me there again.

I had plenty of money for the time being and I thought of finding another pitch or looking for some new job, but with "Big Tim" gone, loneliness and home-sickness assailed me once more and I had an intolerable longing to see my mother again.

There seemed only one way to do that. I had to find another ship. So I went back to the docks and loitered for two or three days until finally I found a berth as ship's boy on the *Betsy B. Maryland*, a double topsail schooner bound for 'Frisco.

I thought when I went aboard the *Betsy B.* with a little packet of paper dollars sewn into the tail of my shirt, that, whatever happened, things couldn't be worse than they were on the *Queen Anne*.

But I was wrong. The *Betsy B.* was filthier, worse found and had a viler crew than any other ship I have ever seen. And it was aboard this floating hell that I killed my first man, being then just over thirteen and strong for my years.

"What's Going On Here?"

MRS. BOLSOVER BALDWIN ran the "Stay Chic" beauty saloon in the High Street. She had once been to New York for a breathless ten days and came back bulging with bright ideas. The name "Stay Chic" was one of these. A wireless with earphones in every cubicle was another. Only pretty girls as assistants was another.

Jill Hudson was the prettiest of them all. She was a blonde of eighteen with a certificate from a Polytechnic, and the "Stay Chic" was her first job. She was scared to death of losing it because she had no money, and no relations, and very few friends because she was poor and proud, and the combination is a social drawback.

Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin was a tough proposition as an employer. To begin with she had been born suspicious and life had only made her more so.

Her favourite and invariable remark on entering anywhere at any time was :

"What's going on here?"

Maybe there was nothing going on; but by the time her suspicious black eyes had ferreted around one felt there might be, or that there had been something going on.

Every employee had her own cubicle. Her name was above it in silver letters—"Jill's Cubicle," "Ruby's Cubicle," "Melisande's Cubicle." Their names were also embroidered in grey silk on their lilac overalls.

Jill's cubicle was in the angle of the shop. It was actually a three-cornered cubicle and had the only window that overlooked a certain garden.

The owners of the garden had approached Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin to have that window blocked up, and failing to secure amicable settlement or anything even approaching it, had "gone to law" about it; but the law was on the side of Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin and the syndicate that had erected the row of shops, of which her business was one.

She had a legal right to her window and her view of the enchanting garden; and so had Jill Hudson and Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin took a secret delight in seeing that she exercised it.

On bright mornings she would come into Jill's cubicle.

"It's nice to have a bit of garden to look out on," she would say to the client in the chair, and the client would shout under the drier, or splutter under the shampoo that it was "lovely."

An old man pottered round the garden sometimes on Saturday mornings and glared like fury at Jill's cubicle window, and a gardener worked there all the time and took no notice at all.

Then one day Jill opened the window because she had just done a permanent wave, and it really *was* stifling, and saw a young man in an invalid chair in the garden. He was a very young man and he looked very invalid.

"I say," he called. "*You* aren't Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin, for Heaven's sake?"

She shook her head at him and just at that moment Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin scuttled in with her invariable :

"What's going on here?" and Jill shut the window again with the remark that the wind was blowing the borax about.

When the coast was clear again she opened it and the young man was still there, and smiling. He said :

"You are perfectly lovely. Now *isn't* that nice! You shall look at father's garden and I shall look at you, and it will do both our better natures a great deal of good."

"Is the old gentleman who potters on Saturday mornings your father?" said Jill involuntarily.

"Yes, he's my father," said the young man. "And I have come home from Paris to be made a respectable citizen. I am going to be a solicitor and live on family quarrels, and enjoy and relish the sight of human nature in the raw."

"What were you doing in Paris?"

"I was trying to be an artist. We made a gentleman's agreement, my father and I, if I made fifty pounds in the year he would let me be what I wanted. If I failed I should enter his nefarious business."

"And the year is up?"

"No. It has two months to run; but I was pushed off a friend's motor bike in one of those nice little political disturbances they make such a feature of in France, and fractured both legs."

"Tough luck."

"Very tough luck. At first I was in hospital over there, and then they transported me by aeroplane and motor ambulance; and here I lie condemned not *by* law but *to* law! Only twenty-two, young and handsome. By name Peter Geary; by nature hasty and impetuous; just a great, big-hearted white man from the wide open spaces where cafés are cafés and grow luxuriantly all over the pavement. I've nothing to do but lie here and watch the life I love dissolve into the life I detest."

"Won't your father listen to reason?"

"Certainly not! He's a solicitor. Besides, the agreement was not only a gentleman's agreement. It was in writing and properly witnessed."

"Two months is a long time."

"An elephant takes nine years to be born and even then he doesn't quite know whether it's been worth while, so they tell me."

She laughed, and Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin, waiting in the companionway between the cubicles to usher in a customer, heard her laugh.

She flashed in as Jill was shutting the window.

"What's going on here?" she said.

"I was laughing at a cat," said Jill demurely.

Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin cocked her head on one side and listened.

"If I did now know it to be impossible I should say the cat was now laughing at you," she said.

The garden tossed perfumes into Jill's cubicle like a case of traveller's samples. She shut her eyes and inhaled them nervously before she spoke cautiously to the young man lying in the sun on the spinal chair almost under her window.

"I don't think you ought to give in like this without a kick," she said. "Not if painting means all that to you."

"I might cover a defenceless church with immortal frescoes if I could make it come to me for the sittings," he suggested.

"You're taking it lying down," she said.

Then they laughed because they were both so young and the morning was so bright and clear and joyous.

"Look," she said. "I found this in a newspaper a customer left yesterday. Of course it's a newspaper stunt, but it might be fun. I'll have to shut the window now because I have a manicure due at any moment and the Bolsover Baldwin is on the rampage this morning; but you read it through and tell me just what you think about it all.

Peter Geary, lying mending his legs in his father's garden, had plenty of time to digest his newspaper cutting.

It was headed :

"Have you a Film Star for a Sweetheart?"

It offered one hundred pounds for the winning painting or drawing of the most screen-suitable beloved; and fifty pounds for the winning amateur photograph; to be executed or taken by the fiancé.

Drawing or photograph were to be reproduced in the paper; and the winners would be selected by two leading film producers, and one casting director and the actual winner submitted by them to a vigorous "film test."

The one hundred pounds, or the alternative fifty pounds for the photograph were payable to the fortunate swain of the film-star sweetheart, and all entries were to be made by him and in his name; and drawing, painting or photograph certified as his individual work.

It was in that attitude he painted her in her little lilac overall.

A silly season stunt thought out by a young sub-editor to attract the screen-struck young among his readers, and cunningly conceived to include the male under the guise of amateur artist or amateur photographer.

The cash to the one and the glory to the other.

It ended with the silliest phrase of all :

A LONG COMPLETE STORY *by*

Christine Jope-Slade

ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD JAMES GREEN

"But you must be sweethearts and engaged to be married to secure the prize."

Reading it the young man in the garden laughed softly and unbelievingly. He said to the cautiously opened window above his head :

"This is too good to be true ! Are there real human beings, men who go down to the city in tubes an' all that who could conceivably enter for this."

She said, comfortably, "Millions ! You'll see. It will be an awfully popular competition. Lots of people can paint a bit, or draw a bit, and lots of men are keen amateur photographers. I thought you could make a sketch of me and send it up. I'd lean out of the window every spare moment, and if you got the hundred pounds—well, I mean—your father couldn't say anything, could he? You'd have earned it with your brush."

He said : "Oils reproduce best. I'll do you in oils."

She answered, hastily: "Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin will boil me in it if I'm not careful," and shut the window noiselessly.

It was an hour before she opened it again.

The young man was very wide awake. He cocked a bright and eager eye at her.

"I say," he said, "that is a swell idea ! Thank you a million times. I could sit here facing the window, and when you're not busy with a customer, you could pop the old head out, and I could get on with it. I could have the easel up here and manage perfectly. When does the competition close?"

She said : "You've got a month."

"That's heaps of time," he said. "I say ! What a marvellous idea of yours. If I won the hundred pounds it would fairly dish the old boy."

The next day he had a canvas and an easel. They began work.

It was August, the slack season. Many of Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin's patrons were on holiday. At every available moment Jill would softly open the window and lean out.

He had his canvas at the exact angle. She would lean on the windowsill, motionless, with the breeze blowing her charming curls back from her charming face. It was in that attitude he painted her in her little lilac overall and her name, in silver on the pocket.

It was true that round the window he painted a clematis that was neither in existence nor in season. It was a clematis that went enchantingly with her overall and her eyes, and was what he called, with a twist of his mouth, "a pretty chocolate box composition."

Towards the end of the first fortnight the masseur told him he could put his feet to the ground. From that time on he painted sitting upright in an ordinary chair.

Jill said : "Has your father seen this?"

"Good heavens, no ! Yon house peering through yon trees is full of yon domestics, two in number, devoted to their young liege lord. The youngling of the house of Geary ! Daily they hide this in an unused, beautifully tiled hygienic never-you-mind-what. There it lies in chaste surroundings, unseen by mortal eyes, until it is taken out in the morning after father has departed to his sordid calling."

"Suppose it doesn't get the prize."

"I go sordidly calling with him. That's all. After many years of solid heartbreaking preparation for sordidity and calling, it becomes James Montgomery Geary & Son."

Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin nearly caught her once or twice. She would pounce in with her tart, swift, "What *is* going on here?"

Miss Ruby, in the cubicle next door, knew perfectly well. She could hear the window open and shut. She would hiss like a gentle old ostler when she heard Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin advancing.

She said a few words to the supine young man. She thought him amazingly handsome. She was thrilled and stupid and loyal and breathless about the whole business. She thought the work of art marvellous.

She said : "The clematis is a pretty touch, isn't it? I must say I like flowers that match a frock in a picture. It would look nice in a mauve drawing-room, wouldn't it?"

"No critic," said the young man to Jill, "will ever say as brutal a thing as that. I have had my *coup de grace*. Will you be my love and live in a mauve drawing-room?"

"I don't think so," answered Jill, practically. "Mauve is not my colour. I suppose that is what you call cheap art?"

"Very," said the young man. "The object is priceless, but the treatment is cheap. However, if it sufficeth to win a hundred pounds, then Fra Angelico's little brother will let loose his translucent soul."

"Who is Fra Angelico's little brother?"

"Me," said the young man modestly, "and my soul is just so translucent."

"I wouldn't know about that," said the girl.

"One day," said the young man, "I hope to tell you at enormous length. I'd like you to be able to find your way about my soul with bedroom slippers on in the dark."

"I might bump against something I didn't expect," said the girl.

It was all very young and silly and gay, and yet it had a quality of emotion. In the morning she woke thinking, "If he could only win !" At night she fell asleep to the theme song, "If he could only win !"

Her interest had a whimsical, maternal quality. He seemed so completely young, captive in the grip of that old ogre, lying there waiting to be condemned to the law, to a life for which he was so little fitted in temperament and outlook.

He was walking about on two sticks when the masterpiece was nailed up, registered and addressed correctly to the newspaper, marked "Sweetheart Competition" in colossal letters in the corner. No mention of her name was made; only his, and a statement to the effect that he had abided by the rules and that the work enclosed was entirely his own and original.

"I don't suppose they'll have many oils," she said. "Chiefly water colours and little pencil sketches and things like that. An oil should make an effect."

"I only hope it is the one we want," he said.

Jill's own personal and private life seemed to have halted. She was absorbed in his immediate future. She came and went to her small bed-sitting room in a dream.

Once, when his father was out, she came by special invitation and sat in the garden in the moonlight and drank coffee which they made together in a cona, and funny little glittering liqueurs he assured her were distilled from the moon in Paris.

"I milked the moon for them," he said, pouring her out something that glittered very clear and silver in its tiny cut glass.

"I've never been abroad," she said. "I'd like to go. Perhaps you lose something if you know a place; all the names you play with—Paris, Berlin, Vienna, New York, Buenos Aires, Tokio. . . ."

He said a little arrogantly : "An artist can go anywhere."

"If he's got the fare," said the girl practically. "He generally hasn't."

"Would you go with me anywhere, Jill?"

"No," said the girl honestly. "I'd only go some places. Oh, don't let's talk a lot of rubbish, simply because there is a moon out and we've got a spot of alcohol on the scene. If you win this competition, you'll go and study abroad again I suppose; and if you don't win you'll go up to London and eat your dinner in the Temple, or whatever lawyers do with their food. And I shall stay here and curl up and dye people, and that'll be that !"

It was a week later that he received the astounding announcement that he had won the first prize of one hundred pounds. More than that, the sub-editor's silly summer scheme had created so much interest among his silly summer readers, that he was going to give away a coloured inset reproduction of Jill's portrait with the morning edition of the paper.

Peter Geary had never quite found out where Jill lived. She had remained purposely vague.

It was a very humble little bed-sitting room, in a very humble little house, in a very humble little street.

He was so uplifted he tapped at her window. She opened it cautiously. He was quite white. His eyes were solemn.

"Jill," he said, "I've got it ! I've got the hundred pounds for that competition. I've won it !"

"Ssh !" said Jill. "Here's Bolsover Baldwin."

But this time Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin had heard the knock. She demanded to know what it was.

"The gardener," said Jill, "thought a wasp had got in here."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin tartly, "it was a special pet of his."

"I don't know," said Jill vaguely. "Just an ordinary wasp, I think."

Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin looked at her. She knew she was her prettiest assistant. People liked to have their hair dyed and bleached the equivalent to Jill's natural colouring. Ladies, stifling under mud packs, thought hopefully of her flawless skin. Ladies with eyebrows like wandering or moulting mice, dwelt on the sweet curves of those clear, untouched young eyebrows.

Jill was a colossal asset to the "Stay Chic."

"I should like to know what is going on here," said Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin a little tartly. "Cats and wasps ! "

She opened the window very quickly and unexpectedly, but there was nothing to be seen.

"I hope that wasp hasn't got an anxious wife looking for him," said Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin with a glare at Jill.

Miss Ruby hissed next door, "You will have to be careful. She's getting suspicious."

Said Jill : "He's won ! He's won ! He's won that hundred pounds."

She broke down suddenly and cried, cried openly and unashamedly.

Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin hurried back.

"Have you been stung?" she said. "What is going on here? There's that tiresome Mrs. MacQuoid due at ten. Do dry your eyes and pull yourself together."

"Yes, Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin," said Jill.

It was twenty-four hours later, and fortunately the shop was quiet, when she heard voices raised in

(*continued on page* 12)

CONTINUING

What's Going On Here?

altercation outside her cubicle window, which happened to be shut.

One voice said: "If you don't produce the sweetheart the decision is null and void. If the picture was not taken from an actual original you have violated the rules of the competition."

"In any case," said an exasperated dry and legal voice which Jill recognised instantly to belong to Peter's father, "In any case the whole thing is idiocy. Do you suppose I want my son's name plastered all over your beastly pages?"

"Do you," said the other voice, "or do you not know this young lady you have painted, and is she or is she not engaged to you? If she is, I have the greatest pleasure in handing you the cheque for one hundred pounds; and if she is not I am afraid the whole thing is null and void."

"Of course he doesn't know her," said Peter's father.

The window opened and Jill leaned out in her pale lilac overall, with her initials in silver on the pocket. She selected the exact position of the painting.

Peter Geary and his father and the competition editor of the daily paper stared at her.

Another man, a fleshy little man, stared at her with even more avidity. He was the film producer who was to make the test of the sitter who had been selected by the winning artist. He took an enthusiastic eyeful of Jill.

Peter Geary said: "They didn't believe you existed, Jill."

His voice shook a little. He was nervous and apprehensive for Jill.

Jill leant on the windowsill and sparkled at the assembly. She was the prettiest thing imaginable, with the breeze ruffling her hair just as it did in the picture. A clear-skinned, clear-eyed young creature.

"As a matter of fact," said Peter deliberately, very white, "I have no right whatever to the first prize or to the cheque."

"Oh, Peter!" said Jill. "You wouldn't like me to have you up for breach of promise. Of course," she added generously, "your father could do it cheaply."

"Are you," said the competition editor, "or are you not engaged to this young man? I'm afraid I have to be a little personal, and even a little impertinent. Are you, in brief, his sweetheart?"

"Certainly I am," said Jill. She turned to Peter's father. "He's won the hundred pounds," she said. "He earned it. He has made a hundred pounds this year. He has fulfilled the conditions you laid down, hasn't he—the gentleman's agreement?"

"Certainly he has," said Geary senior. "Have you known my son long?"

"Yes," said Jill.

The film director stepped forward.

"When would it be suitable for me to take a test?" he said.

"I don't want one," said Jill unexpectedly, suddenly quite white and bleak. "I don't care for the films. I've no desire to go on them. I never wanted to act in my life. I prefer my job here, thank you very much."

She shut the window.

Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin marched in.

"What is going on here?" she said.

"I've just refused an offer to go on the films," said Jill rather hysterically.

"Did the cat or the wasp make it?" said Mrs. Bolsover Baldwin. "Or perhaps it was their joint proposition. I don't know what is going on here, but I know it is *something*!"

She flashed in as Jill was shutting the window. "What's going on here?" she said.

As she quitted work that night Peter Geary was waiting for her in a snappy little two-seater.

He said: "I bought this on the instalment plan with the hundred pounds."

"Why should it interest me?" said Jill.

"It might," said the young man nonchalantly, "it has Paris, Tokio, Berlin, Vienna, Buenos Aires and I forget whether you said Valparaiso or Wapping—but all of them are written on its heart. I thought maybe we'd try Wapping to-night and Tokio to-morrow."

She said: "You've caused me enough trouble."

He said: "I have a contract."

"On the films?"

"No. I'm what they call in their more bitter moments a commercial artist. God made me that way," he explained modestly. "I am going to do magazine covers and calendars if I'm a good boy, and Christmas cards of robins hopping in the snow to greet the squire and his lady coming home to meet their first grandchild on their wedding day."

"If you were sensible for one minute I'd call the doctor before even taking your temperature," said Jill.

He said: "I am sensible. It's only that I have the heart of a boy. I have signed a contract enough to satisfy the old man at a minimum salary of two hundred pounds a year. He can't believe any son of his is worth two hundred pounds. You see a newspaper doesn't necessarily reproduce coloured stuff. They have had to give that oil of you out to another firm for reproduction. That firm specialises in all sorts of commercial art. They fell in love with it. They wanted to interview me. After you closed the window on us so firmly, I went to see them. This motor-car goes, you know, you'd be surprised. Some motor-cars are stationary, but this one goes. Could you get in, and maybe we could go with it. Did you mean that about the films this morning?"

"I certainly did. I'm not screen-struck. I'd hate the life. I am shy, and I walk badly, and nothing about it appeals to me. My idea of misery would be to get up and do things and say things in front of a lot of people."

"For which," he said fervently, "Heaven be praised! You are a surprising young woman. What is your ambition?"

"Mine?" she said simply. "Quite a humble one. One day I should like a little business of my own, I don't care how small, and run it successfully, and have my own clients who come to me the same as they go to a doctor. It's all very unambitious and childish I expect. I never was one of these girls with what they call vision and enterprise. I should like to have a little business big enough to give me the few things I want. They aren't so many."

"I couldn't be one of the things you want, could I?" said Peter Geary. "I mean, that would be too much, wouldn't it? You see, I don't want to go on at all unless I can have you to go on with. It's very queer, but all the kick and the glamour have gone out of art. I rather think I want something ugly and tiresome and revolting to my temperament, like the law, that I can get my teeth into, if I cannot have you. I'm not single-minded about art or anything any more. I just want to be married to you, and work and go places and keep on studying. Father says he will give me three hundred pounds. I would make a minimum of two hundred pounds. You could have your own little business. What do you reckon you'd make a week."

"A fiver," she said quietly.

"As much as that?"

"No, not at first, Peter, but when I get known. I could take quite a lot of my clients with me I'm sure. That would be a nucleus. I wouldn't have an assistant at first, and then I'd have a young one I could train; and then I wouldn't have a young one I had to train, I'd have someone who was marvellous at one thing, like permanent waving or dyeing."

"We seem," said Peter Geary, "two very average young people of average intelligence and average capability. Is that a pleasing thought?"

"I don't know," said Jill. "I don't know what you wanted to be."

"I think I know what I want to be," said Peter. "Almost ever since I was born I think I have only wanted to be one thing—your husband."

"Well," said Jill, "that's not so difficult."

He looked at her sideways. Dusk had fallen on the streets. The street lamps bloomed with incredible softness in them. Birds called to each other, dusty-throated from the dusty trees. The evening was hot and somnolent.

"You have no idea what big ideas I had," said Peter Geary softly. "Better than anything else I'd be content to walk the common earth with you. Not knowing that it was common, or that I was walking."

Jill turned and looked at him.

"That's how I feel," she said, and smiled.

They FOOL ME, *too*

by Eddie Cantor WHO PROVES HIMSELF TO BE AS WITTY ON PAPER AS HE IS ON THE SCREEN

● "Somebody is always chasing me," complains Eddie.

A PENNILESS actor plays King Midas. A home-loving performer masquerades as Casanova. A player who wouldn't hurt a fly impersonates Ivan the Terrible. On the stage, an actor can fake and put over almost anything on an unsuspecting audience. Off the stage, an actor is putty in your hands—an all-week sucker, especially Sundays.

How do I know this? Haven't I seen fellow actors fall for hundreds of rackets? Haven't I been a victim myself? I know one actor who gave up show business and began selling vacuum sweepers, thinking he'd clean up. But after a while he realised he was a bigger sucker than the cleaners, so he gave up.

It's bad enough when we have to share our salaries with booking agents, managers, secretaries, landlords, publicity men, our silent partner, the Income Tax man, and distant relatives who get closer and closer to us as our pay cheques get larger and larger. But when we have to contribute our time or money to things which are entirely unnecessary, then something should be done—and the least we can do is talk. Now, I feel like talking about benefits.

The trouble with a so-called charity-benefit performance is that often it's not a good performance, it's not for charity, and it's for nobody's benefit.

Having played in almost every form of show business, I know nearly every sort of audience. But a benefit audience is in a class by itself. The ordinary cash customer—bless his soul—pays at the box office and is very thankful if he gets some amusement. Those who come on free passes to a regular theatrical production are grateful for whatever they get, and never knock or hiss the show.

Now that I think of it, I do remember when I gave Parkyakarkus, my Greek friend, a pass to a show, and when he came back he told me that everybody hissed the play, but he didn't have the nerve to join them because he didn't pay for his admission, so he went out, bought a ticket, and joined the hissing. Then there's the free audience at a radio broadcast—all they generally get is their money's worth, and they are satisfied. But the benefit audience—of whose admission price the actors get not a cent—want a show that's better than any grand opera, screen or stage performance could possibly be. And if they don't get it, they let you know. If charity begins at home, that's where they should have stayed.

I have been asked to appear at benefits at the most trying occasions. Once, as my barber was shaving me in the region of my Adam's apple, he began, "My barber school is giving a benefit——" Could I say no?

Last summer when I was being operated on, they used a local anaesthetic, so I knew what was going on and could hold a conversation with the doctors. Well, didn't the head surgeon ask me to appear at a benefit for the hospital?

"You mean when I get well?" I asked.

"I mean if you get well," he answered.

I've had all sorts of requests to take part at all sorts of benefits. I must have played for homes for stray cats, for funds to buy dinner clothes for South Sea cannibals, for shelter for prodigal sardines who have strayed from their cans, and for cod-liver oil to develop bones in jellyfish! Once an elderly lady asked me to appear in a show to help out the people of the uninhabited parts of the earth.

Suppose we see how benefits are born, and maybe we'll find out what's wrong with them. There are four kinds of benefits. First, the businesslike, efficient, charitable benefit. Second, the honest, simon-pure but stupid benefit. Third, the partly crooked one; and fourth, the downright racket.

I have nothing against the first kind, so let's not discuss it now. Here is how the second kind happens—the honest but dumb benefit.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Good Neighbours of Hello-Everybody-How've-You-Been-You-Look-Fine Association has a membership of forty-seven, forty of whom are officers and the others come only when there's a bridge game or ice cream. Out of a clear sky, these ladies get the notion that they ought to give some money to an orphans' home by running a benefit. Immediately, committees are named and a date set. One group rents a theatre, another orders refreshments for the intermission between the entertainment and the dancing, an orchestra is contracted and a printer is contracted.

Now the girls begin wondering who would be suitable for the entertainment, and, naturally, the only names that come to mind are famous actors. Pretty soon a committee calls on every celebrity in town. They convey the idea that he is certainly to be congratulated upon being chosen to appear at their benefit. With actors making thousands of pounds a week, they wouldn't embarrass him by mentioning money.

If the famous star refuses, they'll spread the rumour all over town that he's high-hatting everybody, and pretty soon his pictures or shows will feel it at the box office. If he doesn't refuse and gives a good performance at the free show, many would-be customers figure that since they've already seen him, this week they'll go to another theatre. He loses either way.

Now we come to the third kind of benefit—the partly crooked one. A legitimate organisation, just as honest as the last one, decides they want to contribute to a hospital. Before they can say Edward G. Robinson, in comes a man with a cigar in his mouth. He introduces himself as a promoter. When asked to explain, he tells them that by giving him only a small percentage of the profits, he'll be able to stage for them the entire undertaking, increasing receipts and reducing expenditures.

As far as I'm concerned, a promoter is the kind of guy who is willing to lay down your life for his cause. He loves the theatre, but wouldn't pay a penny to see the Battle of Waterloo with the original cast. He'll do anything for money—one year he'll ask for it, the next he'll beg for it, then he'll cry for it, and so on down the alphabet—you can imagine how many years will pass before he'll work for it.

Let's say he comes to me and begins a high-pressure story that sounds something like this: "We're staging a great benefit and I got the greatest circus in the world to give us a performance, but something went wrong. The wild man got beat up by his wife, the midget had to go back to kindergarten, the tattooed man took a bath by mistake, and the bearded lady went home to his wife."

"So what do you want me to do about it?" I ask.

"Well," he suggests, "if you were half a man, you'd help me out and appear at the benefit."

"If I were half a man," I answer, "I'd be in that circus too."

So, you see, I have this man's number and know his every move. And when it's all over, what is the result in this case? The hospital gets a little out of it but the promoter, by receiving special discounts and personal commissions, made out pretty nicely. He is now arranging another benefit.

From here we go to the fourth kind of benefit—the out-and-out racket. Here's what happens. A political club, an athletic club, a fraternity of legitimate or questionable purpose wants to give its members a good time. In their midst is a new member who seems to know quite a lot about staging shows. He is allotted a stipulated sum with which to furnish all the talent for the affair. Well, let me tell you about the first time I came in contact with this type of benefit.

An elderly man of genial, kindly and generous appearance, with a malice-toward-none tone in his voice and a faith-hope-and-charity look in his eye, came backstage of the theatre and spoke of a "most worthy cause that desperately needed help." The entire cast was in tears and promised to come down.

When I had finished my fifth or sixth song, a gentleman in evening clothes offered me a glass of champagne. As I put the glass to my lips, he said, "Great show you people are putting on to-night. I'm glad I persuaded the committee to spend £900 for the entertainment; it's certainly worth it!"

I nearly choked. All of us actors thought we were playing for some excellent and noble charity, while, in reality, we entertained a group of well-to-do people, and enriched one of them. Such a man should get the electric chair, and not even be allowed to sit down.

By now I hope I've put across my idea that the only benefits I approve of are those that are legitimate and efficiently produced, where the most money is secured and, without any waste, when all of it is actually turned over to the deserving charity. I don't mind working hard on a creaky stage, singing myself hoarse in some auditorium where the acoustics are an unknown quantity, then having to change in a dirty dressing-room provided with a roller towel that enjoyed a longer run than Abie's Irish Rose.

No, I don't mind that, but I want to know that I've made some orphan happier or have provided another bed for a hospital.

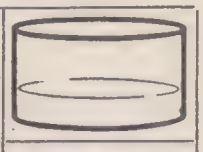
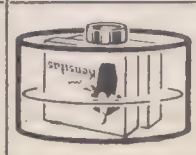
"KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS★ ANSWER MY PROBLEM OF A PLAIN-TIP CIGARETTE THAT DOESN'T BOTHER MY THROAT."

G. Formby Snr.

CHAMPION WITTY COMEDIENNE

TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE MOISTURE RUINS A CIGARETTE. so KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS★ ARE MOISTURE CONTROLLED RIGHT UP TO THE TIME OF YOUR PURCHASE

Miss Arnaud made this MOISTURE CONTROL Test :

1	HERE IT IS — YOU TRY HER DRASTIC TEST! Miss Arnaud put an inch of water in a flat-bottomed dish.	
2	She placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. She did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.	
3	After five minutes, she lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).	

RESULT: On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were still in perfect smoking condition.

★*Your Throat Protection Against Irritation...Against Cough*

He put down his rod to read the letter. "I wonder what the news is?"

Illustrated by Ronald Lampitt

SHORT SHORT STORY

by W. A. SWEENEY

Dreams and the MAN

MR. JOHN SPALDING hummed to himself as he prepared to go home from the Ministry of Rivers and Bridges; a peaceful, contented, conscientious Civil Servant, departing for the day with the certitude of having earned his night's repose.

He was a bachelor, and he went home to his lodgings and greeted his landlady pleasantly. It was his habit to go straight home from the Ministry, first of all, wander round his room for a while, dreaming, then go to his club till it was time to return for dinner.

"A fine evening, Mrs. Gatling."

"Lovely, Mr. Spalding," said Mrs. Gatling, "and what is the news to-day?"

"Nothing of interest, Mrs. Gatling," replied Mr. Spalding. "I think I should like a cup of tea. I am very thirsty."

When she brought in the tea, almost immediately, he said :

"Only another month and twelve days now, Mrs. Gatling."

"Ah !" Mrs. Gatling sighed. "You haven't long to wait now, Mr. Spalding. You're counting the days, I see. I don't grudge you your well-earned good fortune, but I'll be sorry when you go."

Mr. Spalding sipped his tea dreamily. He was always dreaming. Did he dream of administrative honours? He did not. Mr. Spalding dreamt of the day when he would retire on a respectable pension.

For years his dreams had been of a small house in the country by the banks of a small river where, with a campstool under his arm, he could go fishing every day. Long ago he had selected the river and the spot to have his house, a few yards from it. With the savings of the well-regulated life of a man in the Ministry of Rivers and Bridges, he had bought the spot of land and had instituted building operations according to his plans. At the present moment the house was very near completion, and by the day he would leave the rivers and bridges of England to dree their weird, it would be ready for immediate occupation.

The dream of a lifetime and, unlike the dreams of most of us, it had come true.

Mr. Spalding finished his tea, and went to his club. To the men in his club he had not confided his dreams. Their outlook was not Mr. Spalding's. They talked of bulls and bears and Amalgamated Zinc, or Incorporated Blubber.

But this evening Mr. Spalding made an exception of one man, a certain Jacobson. When he had told him of his plans, his listener said :

"And so you put all your savings into that land and building that house," he said, thoughtfully.

"Oh, they weren't much."

"I could have put you on to a good thing," said the other, still musing. "Incorporated Pine Trust. Would have trebled your capital in a short time. It's still good."

Mr. Spalding laughed. "I've put my money into incorporated fishing," he said.

"*I* am, at the moment," said Jacobson, changing the subject slightly, "looking for capital to launch our new process for refining sugar. I'm short of the necessary amount for my plans—though it isn't so much. But I want a man who will not only come in with his money, but who will work, too, and work hard. There's a big fortune in it, but money's hard to get these days. Still, it can hold till the right man comes along."

"How much do you need?" asked Mr. Spalding, out of politeness, for he wasn't really interested.

"Twenty thousand."

"That's a fearful sum of money," muttered the philosopher, impressed.

The day of Mr. Spalding's liberation from the toils dawned at last and one bright morning saw him wake up in his little bedroom in the dream house by the river. He had arranged that an old woman from the nearby village should come and cook his breakfast and tidy up. The rest of his meals he intended to prepare himself. As he dressed himself in the simple, fresh-panelled, new bedroom, he sang with happiness.

How good life was !

He went down to breakfast and discovered that the old woman's coffee tasted much better than any he had ever drunk in London. He addressed some lyrical observations on the freshness of the bacon and eggs to the old woman and then arose to arrange his new fishing rod and look to his tackle. He was ready to go out, when he remembered to transfer his pocket-book and his second pipe from his other jacket to his corduroys. He searched through the jacket and his hand encountered a letter. He remembered. He had been in a desperate hurry—had nearly missed the train in fact—and had stuffed it into his pocket to read later.

"From old Potter," he murmured, noting the Paris post-mark. Potter was a friend of his permanently in Paris.

He decided to take it down with him to the river bank and read it there. With rod and tackle and camp-stool he walked down to the bank of the river of his dreams.

"At last!" murmured Mr. Spalding, like a man that has reached journey's end. He put down his rod to read Potter's letter, first of all. "I wonder what old Potter's news is?" he mused.

He read the letter. "Well, you lucky old devil," wrote Potter. "You should know your good fortune by now if you have been keeping an eye on the Paris newspapers, as I told you. In case you haven't, let me inform you that that ticket in the French National Lottery that you asked me to buy and send to you was a good hundred francs worth. The results of that draw are out to-day and you have won one of the first prizes of 3,000,000 francs. I took down your number, of course, before sending you the ticket. Forty thousand pounds, you lucky blighter ! When you come over to claim your doubloons, remember you owe me a dinner——"

Mr. Spalding read no farther. He sat staring at the river. He had forgotten all about that lottery ticket, and if it hadn't been for Potter he would never have known. Forty thousand pounds ! A fortune !

He turned and looked at the absurdly small house a few yards away. What could he not have bought with forty thousand pounds? Still holding the letter, he picked up the fishing tackle and walked back to the house. The old woman looked at him in amazement.

"Back already?" she asked.

"I've changed my mind," said Mr. Spalding, in an odd-sounding voice. He went upstairs slowly, thinking. Then he read the letter again, sitting on his bed and then sat staring at the floor. Forty thousand pounds ! He had forty thousand pounds !

He was thinking, thinking. . . . Jacobson had said, at the club, he needed twenty thousand. "There's a vast fortune in it, but money's hard to get these days. . . . The man who comes in with his money will have to work, and work hard. . . ."

Forty thousand. . . . Didn't he say something about Incorporated Pine Trust? He would be careful about this and ask advice. Easy to put too much in some of these things. Look at the crash old Ewers had come. . . .

A few minutes later he was ringing Jacobson.

"Hello, Jacobson. Spalding speaking. Can I see you this afternoon if I call? . . . When? . . . Remember what you said one day in the club about wanting twenty thousand for your new sugar refining process? . . . Yes, yes. Have you got it yet? No. Well, listen, I'm coming to see you about it to-day. . . . Yes, I have the money if you can show me it's good enough. . . . Have to come into the business with you? . . . Work? Of course. You don't think I'd put twenty thousand into something and then go to Australia do you? . . . How's Incorporated Pine? . . . Still good, is it? . . . Till this afternoon.

"Sound man, Jacobson," he said thoughtfully, as he turned away.

"Mrs. Hablin," he said, as he hurried into the house, "you might stay on and cook me some lunch, will you? I have to catch the London train immediately after."

The old woman looked at him as if he had changed so much that she hardly recognised him.

"After to-morrow, I don't think I shall need you, Mrs. Hablin," he said. "I shall pay you a month's wages, of course. As a matter of fact, my plans are changed altogether and I'm afraid I shall have to get back to work again in London. Back to the grind, Mrs. Hablin, back to the grind."

He spoke with feverish animation and the slightly distracted air of a man of finance thinking of something else. Outside the little river lapped on.

Joan's *Strange Story*

THE STORY SO FAR

describes how the space ship, *Gloria Mundi* is shot into space on her voyage to Mars. She is piloted by her designer, Dale Curtance, six feet, broad-shouldered, a daredevil aviator, who with James Burns, engineer, Doctor Grayson, Froud, a journalist and Geoffrey Dugan hopes to travel to Mars and back to win a million-pound prize offered by a rival aircraft builder to the first man to complete an inter-stellar journey. After recovering from the sickening ordeal of the "take-off" the *Gloria Mundi*'s crew are adjusting the steering gear when they discover a stowaway—Joan Shirning, whose scientist father was driven into hiding by the laughter of his critics when he claimed to have had communication with Mars. Joan not only maintains this claim was justified but also says she can write in the language of Mars. She offers her services as interpreter and is asked to tell her story.

Now Read On

ON the twenty-third of September, that year (Joan began), my father had gone over to Malvern on some business which I forget now. It was just after dusk when he started to motor home to Worcester. The distance, as you probably know, is not far, no more than ten miles, and less than that to our house, for we lived on the Malvern side of Worcester.

He had covered about one-third of the distance and was slowing down for a corner which is awkward because it coincides with a farm-crossing, when he heard a loud shout of alarm. A man ran out of the farmyard on the right at top speed. My father just managed to miss him as he crossed the road.

At the same time there was a great clattering of hoofs and two heavy cart-horses, snorting with terror, thundered out of the gateway. They swerved at the sight of the car and one missed it entirely, but the other lurched against it, buckling up one wing like cardboard and smashing the side lamp. It staggered a bit, then it recovered itself and galloped off.

My father, not unreasonably, was very annoyed. Not only had his car been damaged, but he considered himself very lucky not to have been involved in a nasty accident through no fault of his own. He had caught a glimpse of the frightened face of the man who had dashed across his lights, and there was no doubt that the horses were terrified. He stopped his engine and got out to investigate. The damage was purely superficial and would not affect the car's running, but he determined to make his complaint at the farm before he went on. By this time the daylight was almost gone and it seemed darker to him than it actually was, for he had been using his headlights. That is why he was half-way across the yard before he saw the machine.

It was standing close by a dung-heap on the far side, and once he had seen it, he was surprised that he had not caught sight of it the moment he passed the gate, for against the darkness of the sheds its polished metal gleamed with a brightness altogether unexpected in farm implements. He stopped and stared at it, seeing more details as his eyes grew accustomed to the dusk. He was intrigued because he could not conceive of its purpose, and he approached it more closely out of curiosity.

Oddly enough, he entirely failed to connect it with the alarm of the man and the horses. Probably as his interest was aroused, they temporarily slipped his mind.

Well, I've shown you pictures of the machine. What did you make of it at first sight? My father, finding it in the semi-darkness, and predisposed to consider it some kind of farm implement, could make nothing of it at all. There it stood, a box-like body on eight jointed supports, with its other members curled up, two on each side, looking like large spiral sea-shells, and its lenses glinting a little in what light was left. He walked right round it, growing more and more puzzled, for he could see no projection which looked like a control, no means of starting it to work, and, most mysterious of all, no indication whatever of the kind of work it might do once it were started. It struck him as strange, too, that a brand-new machine should be left in the open like that without even a cover.

He went up to it and put his hand on the casing. The metal was quite cold, but he fancied he felt the slightest tremble of vibration, as though perhaps a smoothly mounted gyroscope were running inside it. He put his ear against it to listen, and there seemed to be a suggestion of a low, faint humming.

Then he was suddenly startled. One of the metal spirals uncoiled itself and reached out like a feeler. It gave him a shock, he says, not only because it was unexpected, but because it happened in complete silence. He retreated a few paces, thinking he must have touched a control by accident, and wondering what the result would be. Then he learnt what had scared the horses. The thing began to walk towards him. . . .

My father is, I think, as brave as most men, but no braver, and he did what most men would have done. He ran.

And the machine followed. He could hear its metal feet scuttering behind him.

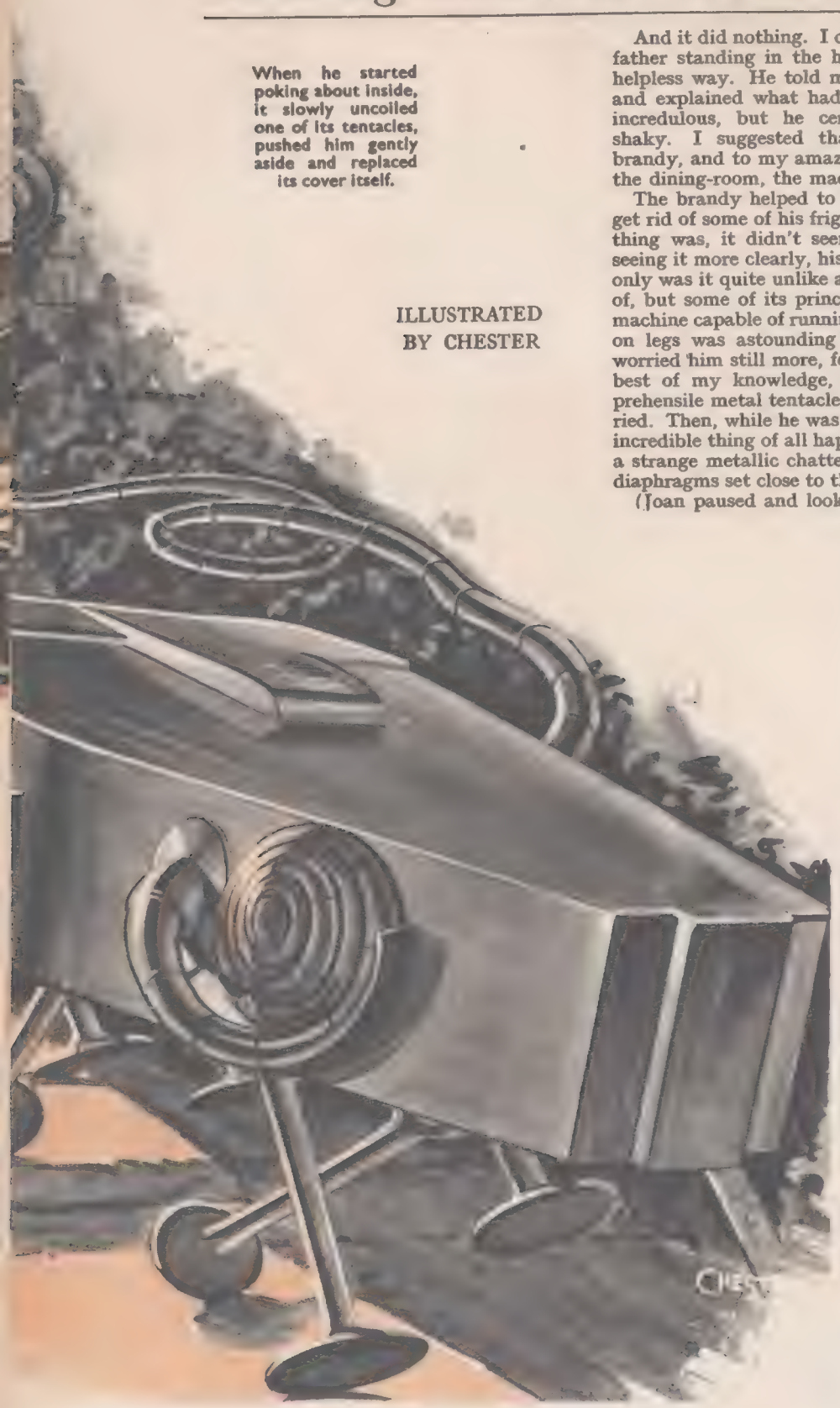
He jumped into his car and started it up. With the engine roaring, he slammed in the gear and let in the clutch. But the car did not take up as it should. Something seemed to be holding it back. Suddenly there was a cracking and rending and he shot forward. He looked back, but he could see nothing in the darkness. Glancing over the side of the car, he found that the whole running-board and rear wing had been torn away. He soon got into top, and with the car humming along satisfactorily his panic calmed a little. In fact, he began to feel thoroughly ashamed of himself, the more so when he realised that he, an educated man, had reacted in precisely the same way as the labourer and the horses.

He began to tell himself that he couldn't leave the matter like this—that his own self-respect demanded that he should go back and discover what kind of a machine it could be, and that he must have been mistaken in thinking that it was following him. Whether or not he would have gone back, I don't know, for while he was trying to make up his mind, he happened to look to his right and saw that the machine was running alongside.

He clutched at the wheel, the car swerved and bumped on to the grass verge. He managed to get it back, missing a telegraph post by inches, then he stole another glance to his side, hoping to find that he had been mistaken; but there was no hallucination, the machine was still running level with him.

Then he really gave way to panic. He put his foot on the accelerator and let the car full out. The speedometer went up into the seventies, and for some seconds he was fully occupied with keeping on the road. Not until he reached a straight stretch did he have a chance to look round. When he did, it was to find that the machine was making quite as good a pace as himself. Just then a car appeared

Continuing STOWAWAY to MARS by JOHN BEYNON



When he started poking about inside, it slowly uncoiled one of its tentacles, pushed him gently aside and replaced its cover itself.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHESTER

ahead. The machine gleamed in its headlights and he saw it drop back to give the other room to pass. He made a desperate effort to force a few more miles an hour out of his car, but it was no good, a few seconds after the other car had passed, the machine had drawn level again.

He had to slow down for the lanes near home. They were narrow enough to force the machine behind again and for a time he hoped that it had given up. He swung into our drive, braking hard, and before the engine had stopped turning he was out of his seat, running for the front door. He had just got it open when there was a scuttering on the gravel behind him. He turned, but too late; the thing was half across the threshold when he tried to close the door. It just pushed him aside and forced its way in.

And there it stayed. We were both terrified of it at first, and I don't understand now why we didn't run somewhere for help. I suppose we must have been even more afraid of its following us out into the darkness than of staying in the house with it. Indoors we had the light to see what it was doing.

And it did nothing. I came downstairs to see my father standing in the hall and looking at it in a helpless way. He told me not to come any closer, and explained what had happened. I was a little incredulous, but he certainly was looking very shaky. I suggested that he should have some brandy, and to my amazement, when we went into the dining-room, the machine followed.

The brandy helped to restore his balance and to get rid of some of his fright. After all, whatever the thing was, it didn't seem to be dangerous. And, seeing it more clearly, his curiosity grew again. Not only was it quite unlike anything he had ever heard of, but some of its principles were quite novel. A machine capable of running at seventy miles an hour on legs was astounding enough, but other things worried him still more, for instance, nobody, to the best of my knowledge, has succeeded in making prehensile metal tentacles such as this machine carried. Then, while he was still staring at it, the most incredible thing of all happened—it spoke. At least, a strange metallic chattering came from one of the diaphragms set close to the front lenses——

(Joan paused and looked at her audience. None of the five made any remark. She went on.)

The thing had apparently come to stay, and after a while we were in no hurry to lose it. My father quickly became ashamed of his earlier fright and grumbled at his loss of faith in himself.

"No better than a savage," he would say. "My first reaction to the incomprehensible was superstitious funk. Just like a savage who sees a motor-car for the first time. I've only a thin crust of reason, through which the barbarism is likely to break at any moment——"

And he went on in this strain until he had resurrected his self-respect to the point where the machine was no more frightening than a clockwork mouse. But his interest in it increased almost to an obsession. He became afraid that other people would find out about it and want to remove it before he had discovered its secret. Save in that one incautious moment that Mr. Froud told you about, I don't believe he mentioned it to a soul. He would spend hours a day examining it and trying to find out how it worked, but he never did. One time he even went as far as to remove the upper part of the casing, but he could make nothing of the machinery inside; he could not even comprehend the motive force; it was something utterly and completely new to him. When he became too interested and started poking about inside, it slowly uncoiled one of its tentacles, pushed him gently aside and replaced its cover itself.

As for me, I didn't attempt to understand it. I just accepted it as a puzzle, and though it took me longer than it did him to lose my fear of it, I found myself after a few days thinking of it as—what shall I say?—perhaps as a sort of large dog—a very intelligent large dog——

(Froud, unable to restrain himself, interrupted her for the first time: "What did your father think it was?")

He quite soon began to think, as he still thinks, that it was a kind of remote control mechanism operated and powered from its place of origin. It had several of the senses. I could see it seemed to hear, it certainly had a tactile sense and the noises which came from its diaphragm must have been speech of a kind, though we could make nothing of it. He got it into his head that it had been sent to establish communication between us and its makers, and, in effect, was a kind of transmitting and receiving station made self-portable. He evolved the idea that perhaps the conditions on Earth were unsuitable for the race that had built it, although they had found a way of crossing space, and so they had constructed this ingenious way of getting round the difficulty.

On that theory he started working to develop two-way communication. When we found that the vocal language was hopeless, we began on diagrams and signs. We established to our satisfaction that its place of origin was Mars, but it was less easy to understand what kind of space ship had brought it. Later on, we began to be able to translate slowly and with a lot of difficulty its written language. It left quite a lot of that behind. But just as we were hoping that communication would soon be fluent, it destroyed itself, as you heard.

Joan stopped speaking, and through a period of increasing discomfort each of the men waited for another to speak. She looked from face to face, her own expression quite inscrutable. It was Dale who broke the spell. His tone was coldly contemptuous.

"And so you've no proof of a single word of all this except these?" He pointed to the photographs.

"None," she told him calmly.

"Well, I've heard a few fairy-tales in my time, but this—." He left the sentence uncompleted. When he went on, it was in a different tone: "Come on, you're here now and you can't be sent back, why not tell me the truth? Who put you up to this game? Movie company, news-agency, what was it?"

"Nobody 'put me up to it.' I wanted to come, and I came. Nobody knew anything about it except the man who helped me. I didn't even tell my father—I left a letter for him."

"Now, look here, I won't take it out on you, but I just want to know who's behind it, that's all."

"And I tell you there's no one." For a moment she glared at him. Then, deliberately controlling her rising anger, she went on:

"I'll tell you why I'm here. It's because I intend to clear my father and myself. We were branded as a pair of liars. He was thrown out of his job. We had to change our names and go to live in a place where no one knew us. For the last four years we've been exiled to a miserable village in the Welsh mountains. Scarcely anyone we knew in the old days will speak to us now if we happen to meet them. Either they think we're swindlers, or else they smirk when they fancy we're not looking and tap their heads. When the chance came to *prove* that we were right, do you think I was going to let it slip? I'm going to see for myself that we were right, and I'm going to tell the world about it when we get back."

"Good girl," said Froud approvingly.

Dale rounded on him.

"You don't mean to say that you believe this crazy yarn? Of all the damned thin tales I ever heard—why, I could think up a better one myself in ten minutes."

"Quite. So could I. So could Miss Shirning. So could anybody. And that's one pretty good reason for believing it."

Dale grunted with devastating contempt.

"And I suppose that the sight of a badly built house convinces you that the builder's materials are first class?" he said.

"A poor analogy. I know what's getting you down—and so do you, only you won't admit it. It's the thought that if you believe Miss Shirning, you've got to admit that something else has crossed space in the opposite direction, and that your *Gloria Mundi* won't be the first across after all."

"Indeed? Now, let me tell you something. The reason why you're believing this rubbish is because you've spent so much of your life writing romantic vomit for morons that the mushy bit of brain you did have has gone rancid. You can go to hell. I'm sick of this twaddle." He crossed the floor and pulled himself through the trap-door, closing it behind him.

Froud looked across at Joan, and grinned.

"One in the eye for me."

"What will he do?"

"What can he do except cool off after a bit? Now, just to clinch things, what about giving me my first lesson in literary Martian?"

(*continued on page* 18)

Continuing Joan's Strange Story

The occupants of the *Gloria Mundi* settled down into a routine. From custom they split up their time into days and hours according to the clock which showed terrestrial reckoning, and by it they arranged the frequency of meals and sleeping periods. To be able to speak of "this morning" and "this afternoon" eased the sense of exile from all familiar things and gave to them all a sense of reality and progress.

The view through the surrounding blackness of far-off suns and eternal, unchanging constellations grew depressing when its first novelty had worn off. It became impossible to believe that they were still dropping through space at the rate of seven miles a second; they felt, rather, that everything outside the rocket was wrapped in a state of suspended animation, and that conscious existence was only to be found in themselves and in the clock which ruled the living-room.

But in spite of precautions boredom was not easily fended off. They began to think of it as a malignant force waiting to pounce on them in any unfilled moment, bringing with it dissatisfaction, regrets and an insidious suggestion of their futility in attempting the fantastic journey. Boredom had become public enemy number one, for the first week had taught them that once it was allowed to establish itself, it contrived speedily to infect the rest and to cause distressingly anti-social eruptions.

Joan contributed an alleviation when she consented to teach Froud the characters which she claimed to be Martian script. Before long, the doctor was also showing an interest in it. Dugan, too, after a period of non-committal spectatorship, admitted that learning it would help to pass the time, and attached himself to the class. The fact that Froud and the doctor frequently fell into arguments most hindering to progress was, in the circumstances, no disadvantage. Joan had more than enough time to teach them the little she knew, and on such occasions she and Dugan listened, only dropping in occasional words to spur the disputants.

As they grew to know the girl better, Dale's anxiety became less acute. Though he was still without a proper comprehension of the force which had driven her to stow away, he appreciated that she was not the type he had feared. Perhaps it was only Froud who realized that his worry had not been so much ill-founded as ill-directed.

Joan's own perception of the situation was sharper than Dale's, though less comprehensive than Froud's. But her mind was set on a single mark, and objects aside of the direct line lacked something of definition and proportion. In spite of herself she minimized her circumstances in view of her aim—the vindication of her father and herself. Nothing was to be allowed to interfere with that. For the duration of the journey she was putting all other personal considerations aside, intending to become, as far as lay in her power, only an instrument for justice; she imagined that it was possible for her to forget and to make the rest forget for three months that she was a woman.

The part she had cast herself for was that of a young man and an equal, and she did her best to play it. But her intention to treat all the five men with complete impartiality was defeated by Dale and the engineer. Dale remained unfriendly and sometimes aggressive, while Burns was unresponsive, occasionally varying his attitude of indifference with a touch of belittlement. It was impossible for her to treat either of them as she treated the three who took her, or appeared to take her, at the valuation she wished, for both the doctor and Dugan, while still non-committal, had had the grace to regard her story as a hypothesis to be proved or disproved later. Burns, on the other hand, continued to dismiss it with silent contempt, and Dale not infrequently cre ted opportunities for expressing his opinions of it.

It irritated him considerably that they left Joan quite unshaken. She continued to speak of it as a fact, admittedly unusual, but not fantastic. All his sharpest barbs shivered exasperatingly on a wall of cool indifference, and she did not show the weakness of attempting retaliation.

It was three terrestrial days past the half-way that Joan sprang another surprise on the party.

Dale and Dugan had just finished making one of their periodical checks.

"Dead on the course," Dale told them. "It's surprising how little correction we've needed. We know so little of space yet that I was prepared to find all sorts of unguessed sources of deflection."

"Even so," Froud put in, "this three-dimensional navigation business seems pretty tedious. It needs so many readings. Why, if there were much correction to be done, you two would be taking angles and levels and things all the blessed time. I suppose in the days to come, when large passenger liners and freighters go flinging themselves about all over the solar system—and people look back at us and wonder how our little cockleshell survived even the take-off—I suppose then they will all travel on some kind of directional beam system. Like the things they use for air-liners in fogs at home—only, of course, it won't be ordinary radio. The trouble is to find some kind of radiation besides light which will get through the heaviside layers."

"On the contrary, the trouble is to avoid the cranks who say they've found it already," Dale told him. "Why, half the number of experimental transmitters offered to me for this trip would have weighed as much as the *Gloria Mundi* herself."

"All dud?"

"Most of them certainly. There were one or two I'd like to try sometime, though, but I couldn't afford risking the extra weight this time."

"You won't need to. Not if we find the creatures which sent Joan's machine. They appear to have solved the problem completely," Dugan said.

"Provided that control of the machine was exercised from Mars, they do," the doctor agreed. "But we've no proof that it was. We mustn't lose sight of the fact that it *may* have been built on Earth."

"Unlikely," Froud thought. "After all, it stands to reason that a man who could invent such a thing is not going to use it just for a joke. Why, that dodge of prehensile tentacles alone would revolutionise the entire carrying trade."

The doctor spoke impatiently. "Of course it's unlikely. The whole thing's unlikely. But there are plenty of possibilities. Even if the machine did come from Mars there must have been some kind of ship which landed it. Why shouldn't the source of the remote control have been in that ship, and the means used, ordinary radio?"

"But it wasn't ordinary radio," Joan put in. "My father looked for that very thing, and there was no sign of it."

"Well, it seems to me that it must have been controlled from some place on the Earth's surface because the responses were immediate, instantaneous from what you told us—and how do you account for that if the messages had to go all the way to Mars and back?"

"I hadn't thought of that," Froud admitted.

"I've been wondering," said Joan, "when somebody was going to see that difficulty."

They all looked at her.

"What do you mean?" asked Dugan.

"Well, even light going at 186 thousand miles a second is going to take an appreciable time getting to Mars and back, and there would be an added delay of the operator's responses. And yet the machine's reactions were immediate—faster than ours. I tested that."

"And according to Einstein, nothing can travel faster than light—so what?" asked the doctor cheerfully.

"That hadn't occurred to me," Dale admitted. "Absurd, because it's obvious enough once you've mentioned it. Anyhow, that seems to kill the idea of remote control from Mars."

"That's what I thought," said Joan.

They stared at her again.

"Wait a minute. What do you mean—that's just what you thought? Dash it all, you said——" Froud objected.

"Oh no, I didn't. I said that that was my father's theory, and you took it for granted that I believed it, too."

"But I distinctly remember—at least, I thought I remembered—— Oh well, if that wasn't your idea, what was?"

A little of Joan's assurance left her; she glanced at the faces round her and hesitated; when she spoke, it was with a slightly defiant note.

"It seemed to me to be an individual: a machine that could think for itself."

The men looked at one another.

"No, hang it all, there are limits," Froud said, at last.

"I couldn't explain it any other way—can you?"

"What about my idea of control by the ship which brought it?" put in the doctor. But Joan shook her head.

"I tell you, its responses were quicker than our own."

Froud said: "You're fooling. You can't really mean it. Why, it's—it's preposterous."

"I know," she admitted quietly. "But preposterous or not, there it is. There is only one other possibility and that's my father's explanation—and if he's right, Einstein was wrong. And though I admire my father, my devotion has its limits.

"I was sure almost from the first that it was an—an entity: not just an enlarged tool as other machines are. That's why it frightened me at the beginning, and that's why I never quite lost my fright of it. I suppose it was due to not knowing what it could do, and what its limitations were. You see, it was so—so utterly alien. Yet I thought all the thoughts you are thinking now when I wasn't actually with it. Of course it is ridiculous: such a thing could not possibly be. I used to lie awake at night devising tests for it to prove to myself that it wasn't true. But they didn't prove it. Everything I did seemed to show me more and more clearly that it was an individual, as much cut off from Mars as we were.

"I tell you, when I tested it, it *understood* what I was doing. It used to watch us with its lenses as if it *knew* what was puzzling us. It could look after

(*Continued on page* 36)

CURIOSNAPS

"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of queer sights suitable for this feature receive 10/6 for each picture published. They should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

This smallest of a litter of sixteen pigs had to be hand fed. It "never had a chance." We know pigs!

Walter Lange, otherwise normal German innkeeper, believes he is Napoleon. He dresses as and apes the great general, and no one tries to undeceive him.

Off the rails? The travellers would have quaked if they could have seen their train as a daring Birmingham reader did!

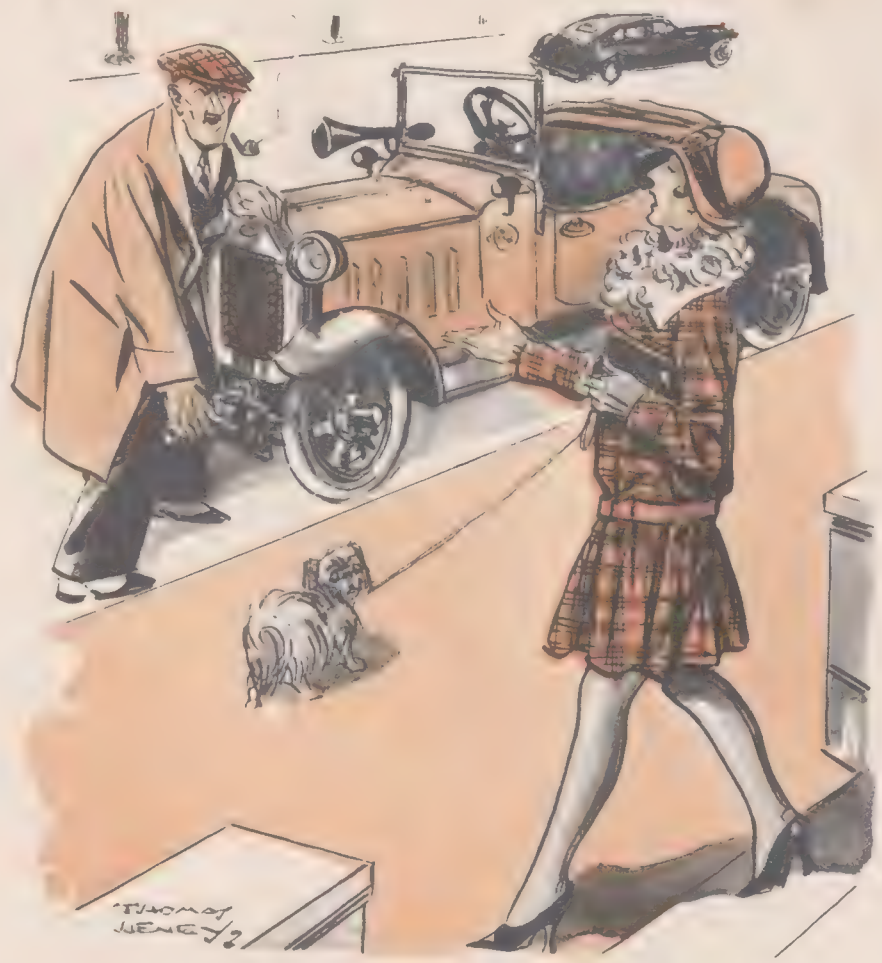
The Church of Seven Golden Domes at Jerusalem. Each is covered with sheet gold.

Remarkable effect of the heat on the bed of a drained lake at Rickmansworth.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

" Excuse me, sir, the band went 'ome an hour ago."



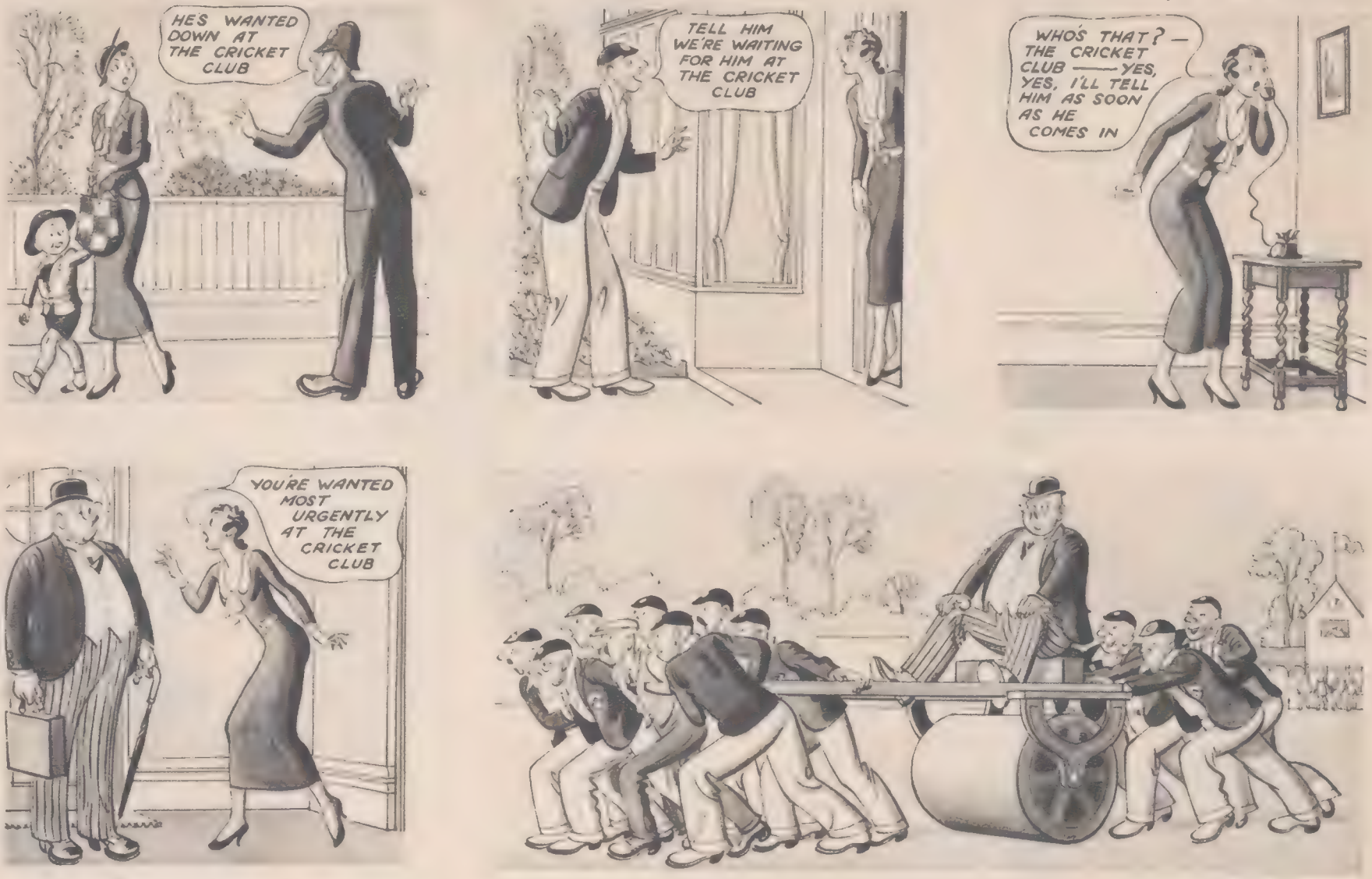
"I like things to harmonise, and until you buy a new car, Angus, I'm going to wear the period dress that goes with this car's age."

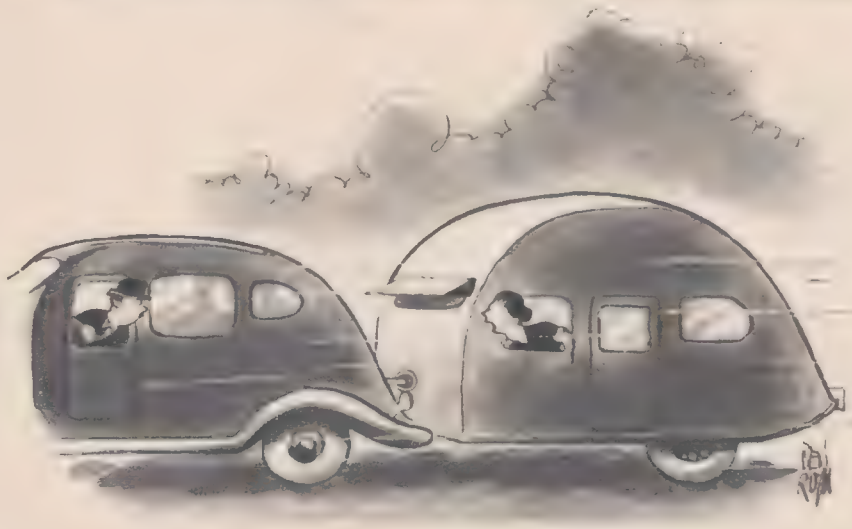
" Reporting a stowaway with a pea-shooter in the crow's nest, sir."

" Yes, those are the stable detectives; they always have to exercise with the string."

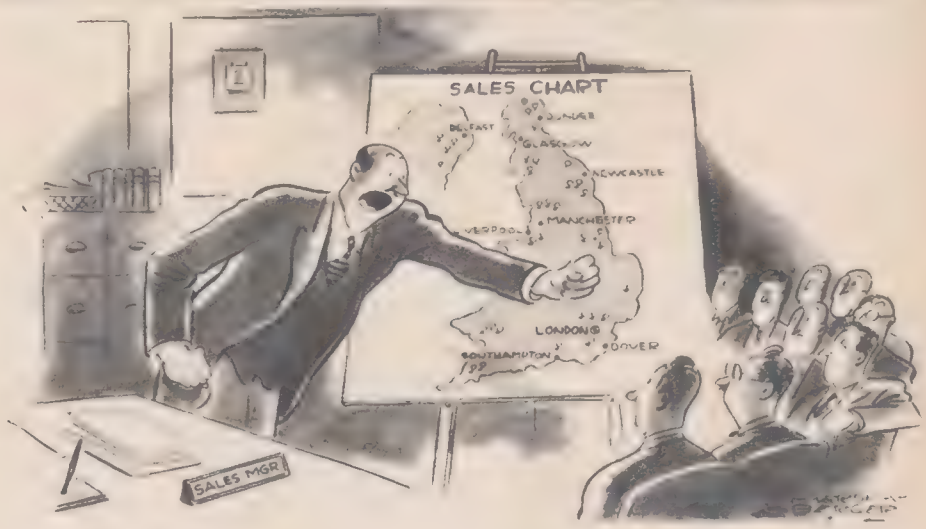
A MAN AND HIS WEIGHT

by A. C. BARRETT



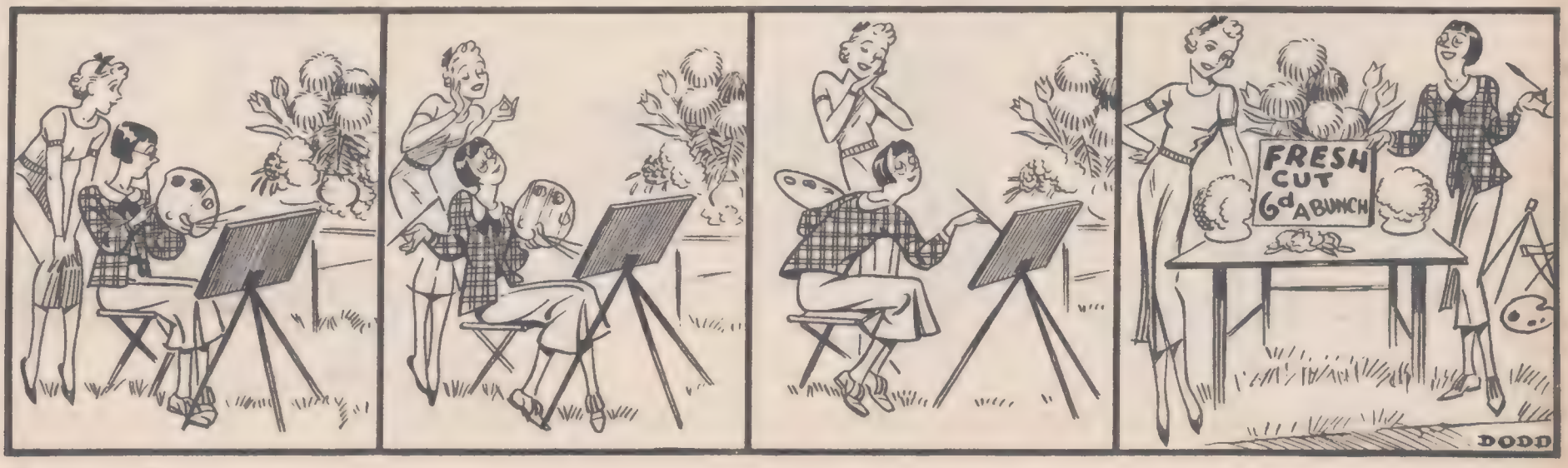


" The cat ? I put him out before I went to bed last night ! "



" Men, you've got to stay put—you're wasting too much of my secretary's time moving pins ! "

PURL and PLAIN



"I don't know what to do—I'm too big for anything."
"Of course you're not, Cyril. What about going as a stowaway on the *Queen Mary*."

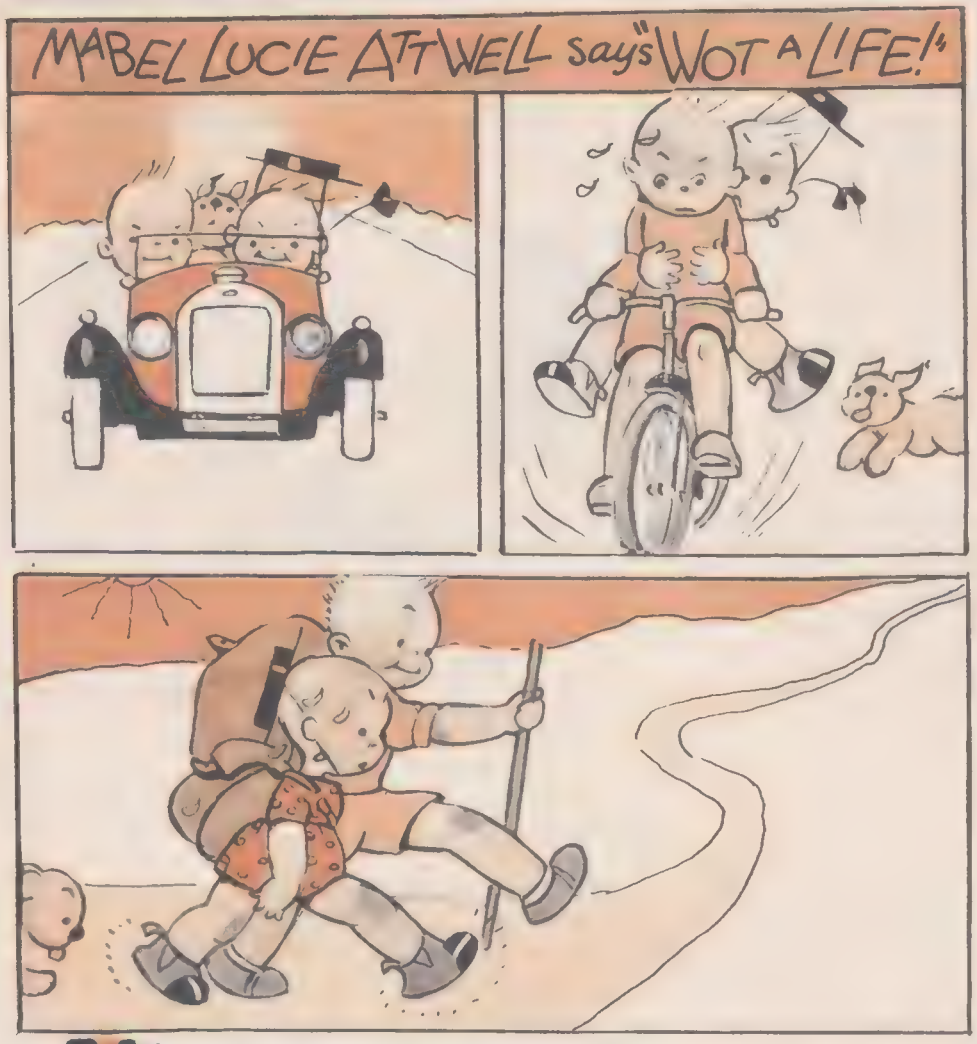
"Alter that to 'Yours fraternally.'"

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

New Typist: "Please sir, I did not get what you said between 'Dear Sir' and 'Yours truly.'"
Muskete, Vienna.

"We have his voice amplified with a loud speaker so as to use the little fellow as a watch dog."
Das Illustrierte Blatt, Frankfurt.

"Is this a first-class hotel?"
"Certainly, sir, but we will take you in all the same."
Lustige Kölner Zeitung, Cologne.



I thought he'd be good for a motor car–
At worst he'd be good for a bike!
But it's–"girlie" says he
If you come out with me
You must pull up your socks and hike!

"The studio wasn't large enough for my statue of a dictator."

OLD BILL and BERT — by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

CLIMBING *those* *Family Trees*

Although it no longer has any true application, Heraldry survives for its art—an artist at the Royal College of Heralds designs a new banner for the Duke of Kent.

by Sir Algernon TUDOR-CRAIG

IF the pedigree maker ever seeks a motto, none could be more fitting than "Caution." Yet, more often than not, the eagerness and curiosity with which he pursues his task take no count of the need for caution; between them he forgets that romance springs, not from fiction but from fact, and that to find the facts must be the basis of his quest.

Sometimes, it is true, the facts may display a soberness that goes ill with the desire for illustrious ancestry, may shatter the legendary idols that have been set up by a family belief. For it is much more likely that the family's founder wore a suit of homespun than a coronet; that the ancestral seat was not a castle but a farm.

It may happen, moreover, that the legends propound a code of morals that the family, did they but realise it, would be the first to deny.

Actually, the question of proof is the beginning and the end of genealogy, and it depends wholly upon the existence of records. Where there is no record, there can be no proof; and though it is remarkable that the records in England should be as complete as they are, it is inevitable that over a period of some nine hundred years many gaps and omissions must occur.

When, therefore, it is stated that a family of to-day can trace its direct descent from the time of the Conquest, that statement must at once be suspected. Of the existing families in England, not more, perhaps, than six can support such a claim; while the pedigree which establishes a Saxon ancestor may be dismissed altogether.

Yet claims of this kind are frequently made with no realisation of their absurdity. Not long ago, an American produced a pedigree which took his ancestry back to the eighth century and, in doing so, gave the surnames of the parents of each generation. Now, even if it were granted that pre-Conquest records from which such information could have been taken were in existence, no surnames would be found among them.

Surnames were not in use in England at that date, and did not, in fact, become general until the fourteenth century.

The same ignorance is present—and if in wider degree it is with greater reason—in the field of Heraldry, where the weeds sown by the last four centuries have all but destroyed the loveliness of the ancient turf. For Heraldry was never meant to be a complicated science, its elementary rules were never framed to carry a cumbersome and largely unintelligent jargon.

Heraldry began as a civil convenience, as a mark of identification on documents, and the like, in lieu of the signature which the men of twelfth-century England could seldom write; and its use developed as a military advantage in surcoats and banners and badges, while the crest came later, with the pageant of the tourney and the joust.

The essence of this heraldry was simplicity, and in medieval armory the armorist used as distinguishing marks the simplest things he could think of. He chose his symbols from what lay nearest his mind, the commonplace objects of the home and the living things of nature; his imagination and his artistic sense guiding the proportion, feeling and balance of their drawing. Thus shields came to be charged with beasts and birds and fish, rings and staves and cups; while to direct the selection of such charges was the personality or the name of the knight concerned.

Medieval wisdom attributed all the noble virtues to the lion, and it was, therefore, a favourite charge; the eagle, swift and mighty in its swoop upon its prey, was another. Then the ancient armorist hugely enjoyed a pun and recognised its value as a means to easy identification. So Heron carried a blue shield with three silver herons upon it; Corbet a golden one with two black corbies—crows. Fauconer must needs have his falcons, and Lucy his silver lucies—pike. Palmer bore his staff and Butler the wine cups of his calling.

With the accession of the Tudors, when banners were banished from the battlefield and the value of armorial bearings as a means of identification was no longer necessary to civil convenience, the decline of heraldry set in.

The decline, indeed, is marked by the prevalent acceptance of genealogy; for the Wars of the Roses had made tatters of the old coats of arms, and those granted to the new ancestor-seeking gentry became as pompous as their pedigrees and were overloaded with charges, while the heralds of Elizabeth set themselves to invent a new code and a strange language for the old customs of blazonry.

With heraldry divorced from the practical reality for which it had existed, it is not surprising that the meaning and significance of coats of arms was often lost.

Although it no longer has any true application, heraldry survives despite the nineteenth-century artists, for its art; for the uses of ceremonial and decoration, and for the tradition which it carried in the coloured symbols of the ancient coats of arms. It survives, too, by its alliance with genealogy and serves to illumine the web of romance that is common to both. The right to bear a coat of arms may still be proved to the College of Heralds.

Genealogical research has made considerable progress in the last generation. It has been approached from a scientific angle and informed by a proper critical spirit, and a greater learning has brought a wider and deeper knowledge of the subject. But pedigree-making is not for the too-eager amateur; for overeagerness goes ill with caution, whether it be for his own working or for that of the genealogist he employs. And here, indeed, it is essential to be sure of the genealogist and never to rely upon some pedigree maker who lacks an established reputation.

It was, however, just such ignorance and eagerness combined with dishonesty that created the illustrious pedigree of Mr. John Ross Coulthart, author of a volume of decimal interest tables, and normally a hard-headed Lancashire banker.

Mr. Coulthart commissioned not one genealogist, but two, and the result of their labours first appeared in the Dictionary of the Commoners for 1846, blossoming nine years later into a sumptuously produced family history of the Coulthards, printed on vellum for private circulation only. The family name and descent were found to be "derived from Coulthartus, a Roman lieutenant who fought under Agricola at the foot of the Grampian Mountains"—A.D. 78-84—and who, "instead of returning to Rome, married Marsa . . . by whom he acquired large territorial possessions near the present Whithorn in the county of Wigtown."

This beginning was, however, as nothing to what followed. A Coulthartus stood beside his king in every early battle; no detail was lacking of his bravery and prowess, and, as generation succeeds generation, incident records the valour, the honour, the charity and the learning of the Coulthartus men.

To this heritage succeeded a James Coulthart, of Coulthart, Collyn and Largmore, and great-grandfather of Mr. John Ross Coulthart, banker of Ashton-under-Lyne, fifty-eighth in descent from the lieutenant of Agricola.

That this pedigree was accepted says as much for the credulity of the time as for the ingenuity of its authors; for accepted it was, and it stayed acclaimed and unchallenged for twenty years, the pride and ornament of genealogical publications.

Then came a pamphlet by the learned George Burnett, to scatter the fifty-eight generations like chaff in a gale. No family of Coulthart had been known in Scotland; no Coulthart lands had ever existed in Wigtownshire.

There was, alas, no pedigree; there were no castles, no mansions; and of the various estates, only one, at Largmore, remained. But even this had shrunk to a small farm, a farm purchased by one James Coulthart, a farm labourer, said to be a half-wit and pleasantly called Laird Cowtart. It is likely, it is even probable, that he was the great-grandfather of Mr. John Ross Coulthart, the bank manager.

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Complete Story
by STEPHEN PHILLIPS

Copy Cat!

THAT morning a wind, swift yet gentle, scudded across the pale green skies. The wind, the morning, had laughter, beauty; but Sayers seemed curiously depressed.

"Got something on your mind?" Jordan asked.

He was kneeling in the white sand, dabbing hot pitch into a seam; the heat, Sayers supposed, had split the wood.

"That's a pretty old canoe, isn't it?" Sayers jabbed the stem of his pipe at the craft.

"Pretty old," Jordan agreed. "But she'll serve her purpose, I reckon."

Sayers frowned. The words, somehow, struck him as ominous.

"Purpose?" he said. "*What* purpose?"

Jordan glanced up. There was a faint gleam of surprise in his eyes. He had a good face, Jordan; a pale, strong, dominant face. The eyes were good, too; and there was a blend of sophistication and innocence in his smile which had some indefinable charm. The charm of that smile, to Sayers, was a little baffling. He had a vague, uneasy suspicion, and it worried him.

"You ought not to take your wife out in that canoe," Sayers remarked.

"You don't want another—*accident*. Do you?"

Jordan put the wooden trowel back in the hot pitch. He rose, stood looking steadily into Sayers' face.

"I'd like to know," he said, "just what you mean by that remark."

Sayers sought out a cool bit of rock and sat on it.

"I was thinking," he said, "of the *first* Mrs. Jordan."

"What about her?" Suddenly, in Jordan's eyes, there was a hard, still expression.

"Maybe it was looking at that canoe," Sayers explained, throwing off his embarrassment. "The first Mrs. Jordan fell out of a canoe."

Jordan shut his hands tightly.

"Do you think I need reminding?" he asked bitterly.

Sayers said, after a short, queer silence: "Reminding? Well, Mr. Jordan, I don't . . . quite . . . know."

"All right," Jordan challenged. "Let's have it. What's on your mind, Sayers?"

"The first Mrs. Jordan couldn't swim."

"That's true. She couldn't. Neither could I, for that matter."

"Can you—now?"

"No, I can't. Never had the inclination to learn, somehow."

"Can—the present Mrs. Jordan?"

Jordan's face looked queer, somehow.

"That's funny," he said. "I really don't know."

Sayers switched his gaze from the ocean to Jordan's face. That uneasy suspicion in him was deepening fast.

"Let's drop it," he said, and got down off the rock, walking away slowly along the edge of the beach, his hands in his pockets, a certain relentlessness in every step he took.

Jordan's first wife, Alice, had tumbled out of a canoe and been drowned. Jordan had been in the canoe with her at the time. He hadn't been able to swim a stroke; hadn't been able to do a thing to save her. In the ordinary way, it was just another of those pitiful river tragedies. And yet there had been elements in it which had not been quite—well ordinary.

Certain facts had come to light. The Jordans' married life hadn't been a happy one for a long time. Jordan had been seen with another woman. There had been some gossip; vicious tongues had already started to scandalise Jordan. Sayers, then a detective-sergeant of the Metropolitan Police, had been sent down to make certain inquiries.

There had been an inquest, of course, and the usual verdict; and, soon after, Jordan had disappeared. But, in Sayers' own mind, there had always been a lingering suspicion, a doubt. . . .

Had the drowning of the first Mrs. Jordan been just an accident, as Jordan said; or had it been. . . .?

He went back to the bungalow to find Jordan buried comfortably in an armchair on the veranda, sipping iced lemonade through a straw.

Sayers took a chair beside him. For a while, in absolute silence, the two men sat there, neither looking at each other nor speaking.

"Can I get you an iced lemonade?" Jordan asked, after a time, politely.

"Thanks, no." Sayers hated lemonade, anyhow.

"Sorry. It's all I can offer you. By the way, when did you say you'd be leaving?"

Sayers smiled grimly. This was more like his own ground.

"*Did* I say?"

"Well, didn't you? I thought you said——"

"Oh, I daresay you're right. Of course, you don't want to have me hanging around too long, do you?"

"What d'you mean—hanging around?"

"Just what I've said." Sayers dabbed his face with his handkerchief. "Phew, I wish the breeze would freshen a bit."

"It won't freshen," Jordan said, "for weeks yet." He shifted his position slightly. "So you're off the police-force now, Sayers?"

"Yes."

"Retired on pension, I suppose?"

"That's it."

Jordan's glass-like eyes came down to rest on his face.

"What made you come here, Sayers—I mean, to this island?"

Sayers, in an absent-minded way, was pushing tobacco into his pipe.

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Jordan. Just curiosity, maybe. I happened to hear that there was a Mr. Robert Jordan living on Flag Island."

"You were curious to find out if it was the same Robert Jordan whose first wife had been drowned in a boating tragedy on the Thames at Laleham?"

"I'll be frank with you," Sayers admitted. "I guess that's about the size of it."

"Funny," said Jordan, with that disarming smile of his, "I remember you coming to the house one night. You had something on your mind that night, Sayers; and now, seven years later, it's still there."

"Maybe," Sayers admitted. He no longer filled any official capacity. He could talk to Jordan as man to man.

Jordan's expression was an odd mixture of annoyance and amusement.

"Your manner," he said lightly, "at times gave me the impression that you rather thought I had taken the first Mrs. Jordan out in a canoe and—got rid of her."

Sayers said nothing. After all, what *could* he say? You can't openly accuse anyone of a thing like that, unless you have proof. And Sayers had no proof; not a shred.

"Come along," Jordan smiled. "Don't be afraid of hurting my feelings, old man. I'm not the sensitive sort."

Suddenly, without looking at Jordan, he said:

"Did you ever tell your present wife what happened to the first Mrs. Jordan?"

"Good lord," laughed Jordan; "what on earth makes you ask that? No, as a matter of fact, I never did. Of course, she knows I was previously married."

"Oh, she knows that," observed Sayers, that rather stolid man. "Yet you never told her *how* the first Mrs. Jordan—died?"

"Never. After all, what does it matter? It's an unpleasant, tragic memory, and Marian's so young, so—so happy."

Sayers grunted. Jordan got out of his chair and went into the bungalow. Sayers stared irritably across the beach. Was he making a fool of himself? Was he just imagining things?

Sayers wandered aimlessly about the shore that day. Brian Haycroft came across from the mainland in his launch. He was a young, fair-haired, rather reckless-looking young man. Sometimes he played the piano-accordion and Mrs. Jordan sang. Sometimes he played chess with Jordan. Sometimes he just sat and smoked and recounted island gossip.

He was Jordan's friend; and that struck Sayers as being rather odd, also. They seemed to have so little in common.

But what worried Sayers, chiefly, was the woman across the island. A widow, she was; a Mrs. Merridew. A tall, rather beautiful woman, with those deep, baffling eyes which magnetise a man. Jordan went across the island—often. Once Sayers had followed him furtively. It was really none of his business, but the

You have two eye-witnesses ready to swear the whole thing is a perfect accident.

Illustrated by Colin Orme

habits of a lifetime are not easily broken. It had been Sayers' job in life to be—curious.

He had seen nothing unusual. Nothing which might suggest an undue intimacy between Jordan and this woman; and yet . . .

The second Mrs. Jordan stood waving her hand in farewell to young Mr. Brian Haycroft. Jordan was out; Sayers wondered, with ever-increasing irritability, if he had gone across the island again. He went into the bungalow, sat reading a magazine—or, rather, glancing impatiently through it, for Sayers felt in no mood for reading.

"Well, Mr. Sayers, what do you think of our island home?"

Sayers said automatically: "I think it's fine."

Mrs. Jordan smiled at him. She was a charming girl. Much too nice, much too *young*, for a fellow like Robert Jordan. Sayers began to study her more minutely. She had a slender body, a lovely, exquisite little face. Scarcely more than a child, she seemed; and suddenly Sayers felt his throat go dry. . . .

He said, rather thickly: "Do—do you *swim?*" It sounded rather idiotic, said like that; but, somehow, Sayers couldn't help it.

She laughed, slightly surprised at the question.

"Swim? No, I'm afraid not. Living so close to the water, I suppose I ought to learn. . . ."

"It might be advisable," Sayers remarked.

He put the magazine aside, sat staring at her rather helplessly. He had liked Marian Jordan from the first. There was nothing queer, nothing *baffling*, about her. She was as easy to read as a book.

She glanced at the clock.

"Robert's late. I wonder what's keeping him?"

"He went across the island," said Sayers. Again, as he thought of the other woman, that uneasy fear and suspicion grew in him.

"Oh," she said, and smiled. "He often goes across the island.

"Mrs. Merridew is quite an old friend. We knew each other in Hong-Kong."

"You've lived in China?"

"I was born and educated there. Angela Merridew went to the same school." She leant back, cuddling her slender legs with young arms. "It seems only yesterday," she said. "I—I was an awful bounder at school, I'm afraid." Her exquisite little face grew suddenly oddly serious—so serious that Sayers couldn't restrain a slight smile. "At school they used to call me copy-cat."

"Copy-cat? Why?"

"Oh, because I was always copying something someone had worn—or done. It—it's a dreadful nature to have." Her face broke into smiles again. "Once one of the girls climbed out of the bedroom window to the top of the steeple. Our school had a steeple, you see. Next night I did the same thing. There wasn't any reason for my doing it. None at all. Only that the other girl had done it."

"I see," Sayers said, somewhat vaguely. "I suppose you got into trouble over that?"

She pouted adorably. "I was *always* in trouble. Chiefly with the other girls. If one of them had a new type of hat, or coat, or—or anything, I had to have the same, until I got a new craze to copy." She loosened those young arms from about her legs, sat back, laughingly. "I—I wonder if it's a sort of disease, like—like kleptomania?"

Jordan came in. Sayers glanced at him furtively. It struck him that Jordan was looking particularly pleased with himself that night. Sayers went to bed, but not to sleep. He lay flat on his back, pipe in mouth, looking up at the dim shape of the ceiling. He was still very uneasy in his mind; and, instead of lessening, that uneasiness was growing apace.

They breakfasted without Marian. Jordan seemed in the best of spirits. Sayers asked, for the sake of something to say:

"Doesn't Mr. Brian Haycroft do any work?"

Jordan laughed.

"Do any work? My dear fellow, Haycroft's one of the richest men in the Islands."

Sayers got up from the table. He stood looking out into the morning.

"I suppose you consider me a damned nuisance?" he asked.

Jordan said, shrugging: "I do, since you ask."

"And infernally—inquisitive?"

"I should call it by another name," Jordan said, with heavy sarcasm.

Sayers swung round. He could never quite make up his mind whether he was behaving like an idiot or a rather clever man.

"Well, I'm going to be even more offensively inquisitive, if you don't object."

"Go ahead," said Jordan sardonically.

"You go across the island fairly often, don't you?"

Jordan stared. If the fellow was acting, then he was a darned good actor.

"Why shouldn't I go across the island?"

"I don't know. . . . My infernal inquisitiveness again, I suppose." Sayers smiled seriously. "You and Mrs. Merridew are just friends, I take it?"

Jordan got up. His expression was not now so pleasant.

"I'll be glad when you find it convenient to leave this island," he snapped. "You begin to annoy me, Sayers."

He marched out into the white blaze of the morning. Sayers sat down, a little limp, a little dejected.

He was behaving like a first-class fool. Was he? Or wasn't he?

Sayers went out, along the beach. Marian Jordan was gathering flowers from the edge of the island jungle; they looked like a mass of living flame against her breast. Sayers walked up and down, his agitation increasing. Why hadn't Jordan told his second wife how his first wife had died? Why *shouldn't* he have told her? Sayers, unimaginative, essentially stolid, could think of no conceivable reason why Jordan shouldn't have explained the

(*continued on page* 26)

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precise circumstances. Unless—unless those circumstances weren't the real, the *true* ones.

He went and helped her gather some flowers.

"A tragic affair," he said, "about Mr. Jordan's first wife. . . ." He might have found a more delicate way of opening the subject, but Sayers wasn't a delicately thinking man.

Some of the blossoms fell, like scarlet flame, from her hands; she straightened herself to stare at him.

"Tragic? I—I don't quite understand."

Sayers bent to pick up the fallen blooms.

"The first Mrs. Jordan was drowned," he said.

"Drowned?" her eyes opened in astonishment. "Robert never told me that."

"Didn't he? Well, perhaps he had his reasons. It wouldn't be a pleasant thing to talk about."

She stood very still.

"How did it happen?"

"She was in a boat, a canoe. . . ."

"Was—was Robert with her, then?"

"Oh, yes, he was with her at the time. It happened on the Thames, at a little river place called Laleham. The river was pretty high at the time. There'd been a lot of rain. They were close to the weir. The river runs pretty fast just there."

"The canoe upset, I suppose?"

"No, it didn't." Sayers stared grimly towards the ocean. The sun glittered on it like green fire. "That was the funny part. . . ."

"What do you mean—funny part?"

She flashed the question at him.

"The craft got locked in some weeds. Mrs. Jordan was attempting to work it free, standing up in the canoe, with the paddle. Mr. Jordan rose up with the idea of lending some assistance. That was a mistake."

"Why?" she breathed, staring.

"He should have remained where he was. He admitted that at the inquest."

"You mean——"

"I mean," said Sayers, rather nervously, "that when he stood up, he upset the balance of the craft. You know what a river canoe is like?"

"Yes, but——"

"The craft heeled over suddenly and Mrs. Jordan was pitched into the water."

"How awful. Poor Robert must have been terribly upset."

"Of course," said Sayers drily. "Unfortunately, he couldn't swim, either. Mrs. Jordan was carried towards the weir and—drowned."

She looked out across the sunlit sea, shivering slightly. Sayers stood there. He was like a man groping in the dark. All he knew was that he felt it to be his duty to tell Marian Jordan the truth, to *warn* her, perhaps. . . .

But to warn her of—what?

That was the trouble with Sayers; he couldn't even make up his own mind.

Jordan was waiting for him that night. There was an angry gleam in his glassy eyes.

"You've been talking to my wife."

Sayers faced him squarely.

"Well?"

Jordan flung himself into a chair. He sat glowering rather vindictively at Sayers.

"Let's thrash this matter out, Sayers, as man to man. You always had the idea, didn't you, that I murdered my first wife?"

Sayers didn't sit down; he stood grimly on the defensive, his heavy jaw jutting obstinately.

"*Didn't* you?" Jordan almost shouted.

"Maybe. . . ."

"Well, I didn't. It was an accident. The whole damn thing. . . . As a matter of fact, I was rather fond of my first wife, Sayers."

Sayers said, gruffly: "All right. I can't prove a thing."

"You don't *have* to prove it. All you've got to do is to stop meddling."

"Suppose," Sayers said, in a slow, dogged way, "it wasn't just an accident, Mr. Jordan? Wouldn't it have been one of the cleverest crimes ever committed?"

"I may be dense, but I don't quite get your meaning."

"All right. Just consider the simplicity and beauty of it, Mr. Jordan—the complete *safety*."

"Go on."

"You take your wife out in a canoe. You're accustomed to canoes. Your wife isn't. You want to get rid of her. There's another woman——"

"You begin to sound like a slice of third-rate melodrama, Sayers."

Sayers' expression was obstinate.

"The craft, opportunely, gets entangled in a mass of weed," he went on, in a flat voice. "Your wife gets up and tries to work it free with the aid of her paddle. You look along the river. It's just beginning to get dark. Two men are fishing on the bank, just opposite. Both of them are watching your wife as she endeavours to get the boat free."

"You make it sound quite—interesting. Go ahead. Then I get up and push her into the river, I suppose?" There was the semblance of a sneer on Jordan's face.

"No, you don't," snapped Sayers. "You're much too clever for that. The two fishermen are watching intently. You have the idea. It comes to you in a flash. Your weight on the other side of the canoe is keeping the craft steady. If you jump up, suddenly, what will happen?"

Jordan stared in frank amazement.

"So that's how you figured it out, eh?"

"No sooner the thought than the deed," Sayers continued, grimly. "You have your two eye-witnesses, ready to swear that the whole thing is a perfect accident. How could it be anything else? You rise, rather foolishly, to help your wife, the canoe heels over, and in she goes. She can't swim and neither can you. The tide carries her swiftly towards the weir. There's no time to get assistance. You have it all figured out. No planning, no involved scheming, no complexities, nothing. The Perfect Crime, Mr. Jordan; and almost impossible to bring home."

"Good lord," said Jordan, half-amused, half-serious, "in another moment or two you'll be making me believe that I really did murder my wife. But why didn't you have me arrested—or, at any rate, questioned more closely?"

"There was no evidence; not a shred of evidence. That's the beauty of it, Mr. Jordan, if that is what really happened."

"I see." There was a new expression in Jordan's face. "I suppose I shouldn't blame you for thinking what you do. After all, it's your job to be suspicious—or it *was*. Now, I suppose, you figure it out this way. I've been successful once. I can be successful again—with Marian?"

"Well, it's been known to happen."

"Of course. Like the Brides in the Bath, eh? I'm infatuated with Mrs. Merridew? I want to get rid of Marian? Some time—pretty soon, maybe—I intend to adopt the same successful methods as I previously employed? So you've been trying to put Marian on her guard?"

Jordan rose. He was laughing at Sayers; and suddenly, like a bullet smashing into his body, Sayers saw the simple, plain, undisguised truth. Jordan *was* innocent; always had been innocent. That boating fatality had been just a—boating fatality. Nothing more; nothing less. And Sayers realised, in that extraordinarily sudden manner, that he'd been making a darned silly ass of himself.

He went hot, then cold. He began to stammer something or other. Jordan, smiling, walked across the room and put out his hand.

"Don't be a damned fool," he said gruffly. "I don't want an apology. After all, it was your job. . . ."

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Somehow, Sayers got out of the room. He was wishing the earth would open and swallow him up. But when he spoke of quitting, next day, Jordan, rather surprisingly, would have none of it.

"Now we've cleared the atmosphere," he observed jovially, "I insist on your staying for a real holiday, old man."

So, rather reluctantly, Sayers stayed on

He began to enjoy the island life. From suspicion and dislike, his attitude towards Jordan grew warm, friendly.

Going down to the beach, one morning, he found Jordan and his wife pushing out the canoe.

"Just going across to the mainland," Jordan said. "Coming?"

Sayers shook his head.

"Guess I'll try the fish while you're away," he laughed.

He went back to get his lines. Climbing up some rocks, he noticed the canoe already some way out, shooting swiftly across the sunlit water. Sayers began to set his lines, humming softly to himself. It was a warm, ideal morning; the island breeze came swift and strong.

Suddenly, looking across the water, his attitude grew stiff. The canoe, with Marian Jordan wielding the paddle, had swerved. It seemed to strike the outer ledge of the reef, where it became fixed. Jordan rose. The prow of the craft was stuck fast, although, all round, the water was deep. . . .

Jordan swung himself towards the reef. He gave a push; another push. Slowly gaining in swiftness, the canoe began to slide away from the reef. As it did so, Marian rose, apparently with some idea of assisting her husband. She was reaching out with the paddle towards the reef when the canoe heeled over. Marian screamed. Jordan, flung into the deep water, with the reef, slippery as glass, above, had vanished. . . .

Sayers shouted frantically. He started to climb and clamber along the slippery surface of the reef.

Wildly Marian was swinging the canoe, her face as white as chalk.

There was no sign of Jordan; he had gone.

Half-fainting, limp as rag, his wife lay in the bottom of the canoe, her eyes shut. Sayers, gently, lifted her out. He was used to tragedy; yet the starkness of this one left him numbed, as if an icy wind blew about his body.

He carried her down across the beach to the bungalow. She was like a dead thing herself. . . .

At times, faintly, she made little moaning noises, twining and untwining her small hands.

"It was all my fault," she whispered. "If I'd only kept still, hadn't moved. . . ."

And Sayers, looking down into her pitifully distressed face, felt terribly, terribly sorry. . . .

With Sayers, once a feeling took deep root, it generally lasted quite a while.

He was still feeling terribly sorry about it all when, one day a few months later, back in London, he picked up a paper and read:

"Home from the South Seas. Mr. Brian Haycroft and his wife, who are renting a riverside bungalow at Staines. Mr. Haycroft is one of the wealthiest copra planters in the South Seas. . . ."

The woman at his side, smiling out of the newspaper, was Marian Jordan.

Sayers stared, aghast.

Again that icy wind seemed to blow about his body.

"My God!" he said.

For suddenly he was assailed by a horrible doubt, a most awful suspicion.

His brain was jolted with considerable violence by recollection of a remark, carelessly made:

"*At school they used to call me copy-cat.*"

The habits of a lifetime are hard to break. Two weeks ago Sayers went down to Staines, rather furtively.

He found the riverside bungalow.

A small canoe was moored at the little landing-stage below it.

Sayers looked at it; his face was a study in expression.

Outside the bungalow, in the road, a slender silver limousine purred in the soft, velvety night.

A woman stepped out.

It was Marian.

But the man in the silver car wasn't Brian Haycroft.

Sayers, that rather stolid individual, is still extremely uneasy in his mind.

Mr. Brian Haycroft is a poor swimmer.

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Doc., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Streatham

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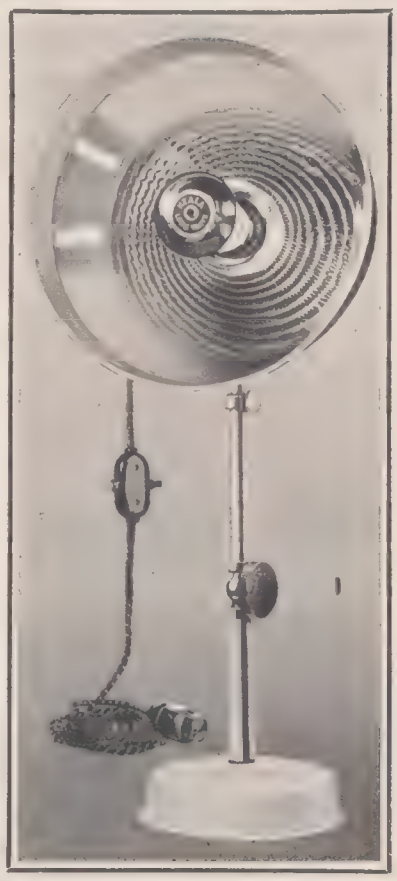

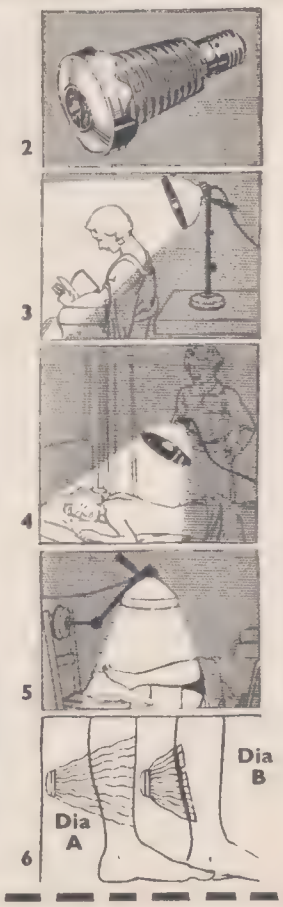

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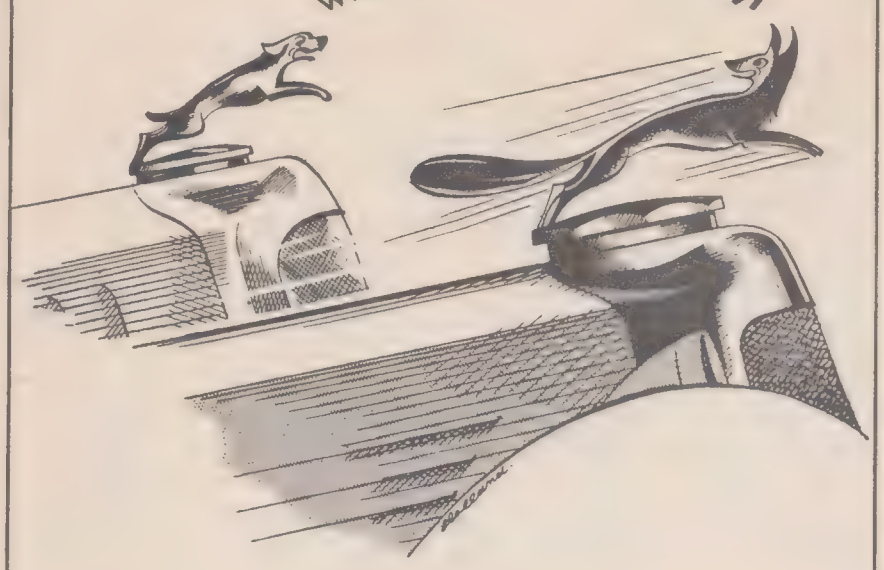

Banish Pinking with "BP" ETHYL

BP ETHYL

Week-ends

If your fancy turns toward a river . . .

HOW often at this time of year one yearns to fly over the hills and far away. Well, buy a little car and you can do it. It is astonishing how much unknown country you can explore—even if you are a fettered wage-slave—by escaping at midday on Saturdays!

I have an intrepid friend whose proud boast it is that from lunchtime on Saturday till Monday morning, early, she covers four hundred miles in her baby car, without turning a hair, says she; without driving like a hog, says she!

But motion, for motion's sake, is not everybody's idea of a happy weekend, and, to my mind, the virtue of these motoring trips lies in the fact that they can be adapted to fit any kind of taste. If you are keen on walking, you can use the car merely as a means of transport, drive to some delectable, sequestered spot, park it, forget all about it, and proceed to tramp.

If you abominate hotels, strap a tent on to your luggage-carrier; if your fancy turns to rivers, pack a collapsible canoe and go in search of them. But never forget your bathing gowns, as we once did, for you'll find mackintosh capes are not really adequate substitutes.

We have a passion for dawdling through country lanes, idly sightseeing. Impossible to chronicle the thrills that have come to us, discovering great, hidden houses, and small, tucked-away villages, which, without a car would never have been revealed to us.

What is so delightful about the whole proceeding, particularly if you lead a tied-up existence during the rest of the week, is the complete freedom and absence of fuss. There is no clothes problem.

You set forth in any old frock, guided, of course, by the weather, and you return in it. Only, it really is wise to take a thick coat and a muffler. After a series of drenchings, as a result of which we were constantly scrambling in and out of the car, and wrestling with its heavy hood, we determined never more to be beguiled away without waterproofs *and* sou'westers.

There can be bought an extremely practical mackintosh cape with sleeves, into which one can wriggle without moving from one's driving seat.

So, when it showers now, we pull on our macs, and blandly continue on our way. When we are complete with sou'westers, judging by the remarks of passing yokels, we must look a thought quaint. But that is preferable to shutting the car, and I really love to feel the soft fall of summer rain on my face.

Whenever it is possible, we picnic for lunch, and usually start provided with meals for both Saturday and Sunday. Even in that short time bread gets stale, so we substitute for it two packets of thin wheaten biscuits, and a length of liver sausage to eat with them; this "delicatesse" has the added advantage of being beautifully compact to pack.

We vary the trimmings—cake, cheese, fruit, chocolate. And we vary the drinks. However Spartan you may be, you can still allow yourself the luxury of a thermos which is, indeed, almost a necessity, and this will see you through the four seasons, and every sort of weather.

Soup, tea, coffee, for cold days; lemonade, barley-water, passion-fruit juice for hot ones. Specially nice for midsummer warmth is cold tea à l'Americain, made very weak, without milk, flavoured with lemon, mint and sugar, and laced with a dash of rum.

These picnics are always fun, but if you choose your lunching place with skill, they can be much more than that, they can prove an experience—something that one does not easily forget.

I shall not forget, for instance, a place we found last year on the edge of the Ashdown Forest. It was a blue autumn day, and we had established ourselves under an enormous beech tree, whose last golden leaves were falling.

We were sitting, quietly smoking, when there came the whirr of many wings, and, in a second, the ground was covered with a multitude of blue-tits. There must have been hundreds of the agile, bright-eyed little creatures hopping about, stirring the dry and rustling leaves, searching among them for beech nuts, as unmindful and unminding of our presence as we were delightedly conscious of theirs.

Another South of England picnic that stands out in my mind, was in a field of

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of ESCAPE

daffodils and kingcups, running down to a meandering stream. Golden, this scene, too, but with the burnished, more vivid gold of spring.

And, then, there was that Welsh week-end, when we ate our lunch by the side of a lake, with two misty mountains towering in the background; ancient mountains, and down the face of one of them, a giant flight of steps had been carved, centuries ago, by Roman hands. This was a winter outing, but the day was surprisingly mild and soft—soft, too, were the green-brown colours of the moor, the pearly hues of the lake, and the cry of the browsing sheep.

It was an exquisite spot, so still, so solitary; we had found it by the purest accident, chiefly, indeed, because having enquired about the road which had attracted us, we had been told "no good for cars." If anyone warns us that a road is difficult, or that it ends in "nothing," we make an unbreakable rule of going up it.

Not everyone, of course, enjoys picnicking. Some people dislike squatting on the ground, consuming insects and bits of grass along with their food and drink; and crave for a hot meal. But the cost of lunch at a hotel or road-house does not stop much short of three and sixpence or four shillings a head.

Well, you can still satisfy your desires for cooked viands without such great expenditure, and you will have, incidentally, a far more amusing time. On all the main roads of England, are to be found "Pull-ups for lorries," and "Cyclists' Rests," all of them clean, all of them friendly, many of them open night as well as day, which offer as good a meal as one can want, for a few pence.

My lunch last Saturday, for instance, consisted of steak and kidney pie with beans, blackcurrant tart and a cup of tea —costing, in all, eightpence-halfpenny. My companion's taste ran to sausage and bacon, though she was sorely tempted by fish and chips, apple tart, and also tea. And this cost the same. The food was excellent, well cooked and quickly served, and a game of pin-table with the cook was thrown in.

You need not always limit yourself to recognised restaurants. Farmhouses will often provide you with a meal. We ate our Christmas dinner at such a one, two Christmasses ago, in the Purbeck Hills, and we shall always remember a most amusing lunch in Scotland, consumed in a shepherd's bothie, miles from anywhere, near which we had had the good fortune to puncture.

It was the humblest little place imaginable, its walls were papered with old journals and its ceiling was black with peat smoke. But the woman who lived there offered us a veritable spread, two sorts of butter, fresh and salt, milk, cream, three different varieties of bread, and cakes galore.

The chief expense of a motoring week-end lies, of course, in your two nights' lodging—your dinner, bed and breakfast, and garage for the car. Hotels of the variety allotted even only one star in the A.A. book are difficult to escape from under twelve or more shillings a head, for the night. I must confess I find this kind of lodging painfully dull, and make a point of searching for a cottage, a farm house, or even a private house, where, for much less money, they will take you in and give you a personal welcome.

We have stayed at many such in our motoring life, and paid from five and sixpence upwards for the night's rest and two meals. And with luck they will house your car for nothing.

It is the variety of these places that makes them so attractive—you never meet two the same. I remember, once, in the Midlands, being housed by a kindly, single lady, who put us to sleep in her drawing-room, cheek by jowl with her piano. From the walls, life-sized family portraits gazed down with amazement at our ablutions; the family knick-knacks, too, surrounded us; through the grey light of the small hours stuffed birds under glass domes—and I think there was, as well, a prowling fox—glared at us with glistening eyes, while a stuffed dog sat in his basket and regarded us with painfully life-like interest from a corner.

WOMAN to WOMAN by Henrietta LESLIE

We found some delightful fishermen's cottages, and a smuggler's inn, still in action, we secretly "suspicioned" in Devonshire. It was a little house owned by a retired sea-captain and his Swedish wife, who cooked us appetising Scandinavian dishes.

Once we were taken pity on by an old lady of ninety, and her cat. And here we could not persuade the car to leave.

Ostensibly through a shortage of petrol, and the nearest pump was more than four miles away, but actually it was an idyllic spot and there was no sound reason that I could see, to go away from it.

Oh, yes, you can have marvellous adventures on a motoring week-end, from wherever you set forth, and wherever you choose to wander. Three essentials there are I have found—goggles, against the glare—for driving for hours into the sun produces headaches and wrinkles; an electric torch—for the right kind of cottage does not rise to electric light, and the car will probably be housed in a dark shed. Most essential of all, a driving companion who shares your tastes and can also share the driving.

For it is, after all, poor fun to sit at the wheel all day with your eyes glued to the road; it is pleasant to take your turn at studying the map, reading the guide-book and searching the hedgerows for wild flowers.

Yes, a motoring weekend is a great institution. And the cost, you ask? We reckon that, with petrol to carry us three hundred miles, our Saturday till Monday jaunts cost us a guinea each—or as near as makes no difference. And, after all, while we are raking the roads, there are no housekeeping bills to pay at home!

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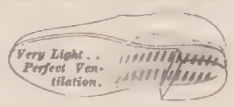

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COMPLETE STORY BY

Leslie Beresford

ILLUSTRATED BY HAMILTON WILLIAMS

Mr. Untidy

"But—what have I to do with the police?"

THE plain-clothes inspector parted from his men at the entrance to the Mews. At least, one would have called the little cul-de-sac by that name once, for then the two-horsed broughams of the great had rolled out from the open gates into Belgravia. But now, horses and gates were gone. The stables had long since been transformed into maisonettes and flats, where resided a little colony of rattle-trap humanity.

Concerning one of these, the inspector had been inquiring of the little, wizened old woman, living in a ramshackle shanty at the entrance to the Mews. She was a garrulous old thing, not only supplying him with the information he required, but supplementing it with an historical survey of other residents and their private lives. Till the inspector had quietened her tongue with a gentle hand on her shoulder, and a chuckle:

"All right, Ma. I'll bear you in mind, as one who knows, if there's ever a murder committed here——"

"Murder?" she wheezed, gasping, and pawed the air with skinny fingers, horrified. "God help us from such things here, mister. We may have funny goings-on, but not like that—no, not like that."

She added, staring at him out of her beady eyes:

"You aren't here about anything of that, mister, are you?"

"Just making a few enquiries," he said.

And, while he talked with her, he had been unobtrusively watching the first-floor window of a maisonette at the far end of the Mews. Once, early on, the blue net curtains had been parted, to disclose the attractive face of a blonde young woman, looking out. Only for one hesitating moment, when the curtains had been allowed to fall quickly back to normal hanging.

The inspector had not shown any sign of having noticed this. But now, turning from the little old woman, he moved towards the two stolid-looking men who had been lounging nonchalantly nearby in talk, just as if they were there on a chance meeting. He said to them in a low voice:

"She's there all right, anyhow. Whether I can get anything out of her, remains to be seen. I'm not very hopeful. Still . . ." He hesitated for an instant, then said: "You'd best wait around, in case I've news."

The attractive blonde young woman, admitting him a trifle reluctantly into the maisonette, eyed him both with surprise and a delicate hauteur.

"A police-inspector?" she echoed questioningly his initial and curt explanation of himself.

"Name of Hale," he added, with an apologetic little bow.

"But—what have I to do with the police?" The demanding gesture of her dainty, pink-tipped fingers was even more eloquent than her voice, which was restrained; then—as if recollection explained everything suddenly—her eyes lit with greater interest.

"Of course. How foolish of me!" she said. "You've come about those jewels of mine which disappeared a week ago from my dressing-room at the *Grand Seigneur*! Have they been found, after all?"

"No," he replied: "I'm not here about your jewels, Miss Bernadotte. But I'm specially anxious to find your husband."

"My husband?" She moved away from him in the room where they stood. Behind the gleam of her blue eyes you could sense that her mind was active, unexpectedly startled now. When she spoke again, however, it was with calm.

"Who has told you that I have any husband?" she asked. "I—I——"

"Yes, yes, Miss Bernadotte," he interrupted her politely. "It isn't known at all that you are married—at least, not here in London. I believe it's only known to very few, even in Paris. But, the Sûreté there have a record of the fact, and they have passed on the information to us."

"But, why—why?" Her voice shrilled a little.

"Because your husband, who married you in the name of Andre Lecour, though he has been known by any amount of aliases, is wanted here in London over a matter of murder."

"*Nom d'un nom.* . . ." She lapsed into French, her eyes studying him seriously, and then she sat down. It seemed that she felt frankness to be the best thing. Again those dainty fingers of hers gestured eloquently.

"Well, of course, since you seem to know so much, m'sieur policeman," she said slowly, "I must confess that I have been married to Andre, though I am so ashamed of that long ago, as to desire it should be kept secret. And, you say he has murdered someone? *Alors*, but I am not surprised at that. I have always felt that some day——"

"Miss Bernadotte," the inspector intervened, seating himself, too, "may we get down to brass tacks, you and I? Your husband is somewhere here in London, has been for a fortnight or so, according to our information. It's only reasonable to suggest that you must have known as much, have been in touch with him, must have some idea where he is hiding."

"I——?" she sprang to her feet, with another flutter of her fingers, outrage blazing from those immense, innocent eyes of hers.

"Of course I know nothing of the sort!" she exclaimed hotly. "Do you think it possible? Here am I, a big star in that cabaret show at the *Grand Seigneur*, with friends and admirers belonging to the best society. Have you no sense that you should imagine I would have anything to do with that scoundrel, that beast, to whom I was married in a weak moment so long ago?"

"All the same, Miss Bernadotte,"—the inspector, risen again also, spoke soothingly, —"it is known that you and he were together in Paris last Christmas——"

"Yes, that is true!" she flashed, in voice as well as with her eyes. "It is infamously true, because he forced himself upon me, threatening me with blackmail. And I say to you that, since that terrible time in Paris, I have never seen the man, nor do I wish ever to see him again."

It would have been difficult to remain untouched by the tears behind her voice, and the mistiness of them which blurred the blue of her eyes. Her attitude was one of tragic helplessness. The inspector turned away from her. It was not his duty to feel pity. He had to face facts, not the sentiment produced by a woman in distress. Besides, the woman was an actress. He looked around the room, then turned again to her.

"You have been having company here, of course," he said to her, and pointed.

A table was set with the appointments for a meal. The remnants of the meal remained as evidence of the fact that it had not long been eaten, and by two people.

"Why, yes," she replied, and began suddenly to laugh, quite pleasantly yet with a touch of cynicism.

"Are you thinking that my companion must have been that scoundrel of an Andre Lecour, m'sieur policeman?" she questioned, and then became almost angry.

"Why must you be so ridiculous?" she demanded. "I have assured you that have not seen Andre since that last Christmas in Paris. Why don't you believe me? Just because you see I have been lunching with someone—*voila*! I will show you."

Over her shoulder, she called loudly in her silken voice:

"Maman . . . Maman . . . Come and show yourself. . . . I have here a foolish gentleman from the English police——"

A door in a wall of the room, facing the inspector, was pushed wide open. He had already noticed it to be not quite closed. He had made up his mind that, behind that slightly-open door, the lunch-time guest was lurking, listening. He had believed it also possible that the listener might be the man he wanted, and was on the alert.

Instead, there emerged an elder edition of Gabrielle Bernadotte, even to the waved setting of blonde hair, although the eyes were of a dark colour. Also, as was needful with an older woman, the make-up was a little more pronounced. She was smartly frocked and wore heavy furs, for the weather was chill, and apparently she had been getting ready to go out.

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Continuing Mr. Untidy

"What is that, Gabrielle, about police?" she asked, as she swept in, her voice a little shrill and breathless.

"Why, Maman, here is a police officer looking for Andre——"

"Andre? Andre?" the other gasped, lifting heavily-ringed fingers in a swift motion of fear. "That terrible fellow again? But who has found out about you and him? Surely you have said, Gabrielle, that you don't know where he is, don't want to know?"

"Of course. The Paris police have disclosed my unfortunate marriage, Maman. One cannot deny it. I have explained everything. This gentleman evidently still suspects. Will you tell him, Maman, that you and I have just lunched here, and that Andre is not in the place?"

"But, certainly. . . ." The other turned to the inspector. "And so, m'sieur, you want this Andre Lecour? Well, I can assure you, if he was here, my daughter and I would be only too glad for you to take him and put him in gaol for a long time. If you only knew how much already my poor child has suffered from him. Oh, dear, dear. . . ."

"Is he then in London; and what has he done this time?" she asked suddenly.

The inspector explained briefly that, overnight, a man—known to be of the criminal underworld—had been found dead by the side of a country road in Essex. At first it was thought he had been knocked down by a motor-car in the dark. However, this morning, a girl—a sweetheart of the dead man—had come forward, saying that he had been "taken for a ride" by Andre Lecour and two others of an international gang, whom he had threatened to give away.

"It's very important that we should break up that gang," the inspector ended. "This is the first clue we have obtained as to who any of them are. You must understand, ladies, that I am only doing my duty in coming here, troubling you——"

"But not at all!" intervened the older woman. "At least, you shall be made quite sure that he is not here. Gabrielle, we will show the inspector every inch of your maisonette, so that he can have no possible doubt."

Ten minutes later, the inspector took his leave, coming out into the cold sunlight of the yard. Outside the front door, he hesitated, baffled and depressed. He had indeed not come here with very much hope, as he had told his men, who still lingered in talk, unobtrusively, at the entrance to the Mews. And, having been round the compact little maisonette, his searching eyes always seeking even the slightest sign to help his suspicions, he had drawn a blank.

All the same, those suspicions remained. Not much had come through from Paris about Andre Lecour, or again about his relationships with Gabrielle Bernadotte. Yet, what little the inspector did know, combined with one or two seemingly disconnected trifles, words, gestures, expressions, during this interview, he remained convinced that the latter knew much more than she intended to admit.

Impossible, of course, to force her to speak unwillingly. Standing in this cul-de-sac of a Mews, the inspector was in another one, professionally. He did not want to go back to the Yard admitting himself beaten. Meantime, he moved slowly towards the entrance from the street, where he saw that little, wizened old caretaker outside the door of her shanty.

It came to him to question her more fully as to who had been in and out of the Mews in the last twelve hours, especially of the male sex. She might have noticed something, although that hope was not very strong.

As he approached her, he saw that she was throwing out remains of bread, which she was crumbling before doing so, while talking to the little crowds of twittering sparrows which clustered eagerly around. When he came close, his presence disturbed the birds, who winged upwards with little excited screeches, and perched watchingly out of danger.

"Now, what did you want to come interfering for, mister?" the little old woman looked up at him with reproving eyes. "Having a good meal, the little dears were, and you must come along with your big, noisy feet, giving them a fright!"

"Sorry, Ma!" the inspector apologised, being a very human man, and himself very tender towards animals.

"So you're a regular Lady Bountiful to the birds, Ma!" he laughed softly.

"Feeds 'em regular, I does, mister," she preened herself, laughing too. "They needs someone to look after them, the poor darlings, these cold days. Them rich folk up yon don't think much of birds. Thinks too much of what they puts on their own backs. A fine-feathered lot, I calls them; and no heart under the feathers."

"A bit of a philosopher, Ma, as well as good-hearted yourself," the inspector mused, and for the moment forgot all about his problem.

"I'm fond of the little feathered folk myself," he said. "In fact, in our garden at home we've a bird bath, and it's quite fun watching the little things splash around and enjoy themselves."

"They repays you for being kind to them," chuckled the little old woman, who now was throwing down more crumbs, the bolder birds having returned by degrees for their meal.

"They gets to know you," she said. "I knows every one of these. Got names for most of them, I have. Soon as I comes out with what I calls my crumbs of comfort, I calls 'em by name, and down they comes, hopping. Now that one——"

She pointed to a sparrow nearly strangling himself with a large piece of crumbly bread.

"That one I always calls Mr. Untidy. You watch how he chucks the crumbs all over the place and makes a mess. There's his missus, that quiet little one near him. She eats like a true lady——"

"Eats like a true lady?" ejaculated the inspector on such a note of excitement as made the other stare up at him, surprised.

"Well, what about it, mister?" she asked, puzzled.

"What about it?" he echoed questioningly, and laughed, leaving her abruptly and crossing to his two waiting men.

"Any signs of our man?" asked one of them as he reached them. The inspector's eyes glittered with eagerness, though still he was not being too certain.

"I think we may actually have got him," he said. "Anyhow, unless I'm mistaken, he was in that place within the last hour, may even be there now, though I've just come away, convinced that I'd done no good. I'm going back. Better come along, in case."

◆ ◆ ◆

As they reached the maisonette front door it was opened from within, confronting the inspector with the two women. They were both carrying small travelling-cases.

"Why, it's the policeman again!" exclaimed the elder edition of Gabrielle Bernadotte, a trifle impatiently.

"I'm afraid you can't take up any more of my time, at the moment, m'sieur inspector. My mother, you see, is leaving for the Continent by air, and we're just on our way to Croydon."

"Sorry, Miss Bernadotte." The inspector was politely firm. "I won't detain you a moment longer than can be helped. But it's important that I have a word with you both. Since leaving you, a clue has come my way. And I think you ought to know about it, as it may be vital."

"Vital——?"

Gabrielle Bernadotte looked from the inspector to her older edition, and the latter shrugged.

"It can only take a minute or two," she said, leading the way indoors.

"And this vital clue of yours, M'sieur Troublesome?" Gabrielle Bernadotte faced round in the dining-room, imperious and impatient.

The inspector moved towards the dining-table and stood there, his hand resting on the back of a chair.

"That you lunched here to-day, miss, with a man and not a woman," he said quietly. She laughed.

"How perfectly absurd! What—especially after what Maman and I have told you—can have put such a silly idea into your head?"

"Absurd, or not, I am convinced of it. I will even tell you where he sat."

"Where he sat?" she echoed, questioningly, a little perturbed.

"Yes." The inspector drew out the chair on which he had been leaning, and pointed down to the green plush seat of it. "This," he said, "was the chair you occupied, miss. And the man sat on the chair opposite."

"Pardon me," interposed the older edition of Gabrielle, "I sat on that chair opposite."

The inspector walked round to it, where it stood, a little away from the table.

"If so," he said, "how do these come upon the seat?"

And, where he pointed to the green plush, one saw crumbs of bread.

"If a woman had used that chair, those couldn't possibly be there," he said slowly. "A woman's chance crumbs fall into her skirt, and are swept to the floor when she rises. But with a man, if he is an untidy eater——"

He swung round on the elder edition of Gabrielle and flashed out grasping fingers, before the other could move. There came away in them a hat and blonde hair, and the room became a pandemonium. . . .

"I congratulate you, Andre Lecour, on a very fine piece of female impersonation," the inspector said, when the pandemonium had ceased, except for the weeping of Gabrielle Bernadotte. "You would have got away with it, I'm afraid, if it hadn't been for those crumbs.

"And I would have passed them by, without realising what they meant, if it hadn't been for an old woman and some birds," he added to himself afterwards. "Crumbs of comfort, indeed."

Country Cameos— *—by S. L. Bensusan*

Vanished Cornfields

FROM the garden the land falls away to the level of Black Brook, falls steeply and irregularly, so rough in parts that the lush grasses are hard to gather in hay time. It occurred to me that the expense of ploughing, harrowing and resowing might be worth while, for proper handling would serve to remove all the irregularities.

So on an appointed day the plough and the old ploughman arrived and an hour or two later when I went down I found he was turning up a very rich loam of considerable depth capable of growing anything under the sun, making due allowance for spring frosts spreading from the water level. I spoke to the ploughman.

"You didn't know," he said pityingly, "you couldn't. I mind th' time when all this was good cornland. There's rows of drains running down the hill, they're not two yards apart. Farmers worked for this land an' it paid 'em han'some."

"Was it the same on the other side of the brook?" I asked him.

"Surely," he said. "There were a few fine oaks here too, and the farmers left them, but after the land had fallen down to grass somebody wanted to turn 'em into money, so they gotter goo. Fine oak trees, not many of 'em, but big. I know'd 'em. I was a toddler when they grew corn here; they stopped afore I was a young man."

The speaker is an old age pensioner and this dates him and the corn growing. In other words he can recall the time, when all or most of English farm land, being turned to best advantage, we fed ourselves.

Our population was only two-thirds of what it is now, but the land gave far more employment than it can offer to-day. I am faced with the problem of turning the new arable to better uses, or making excuses to myself for allowing fine English soil to remain idle.

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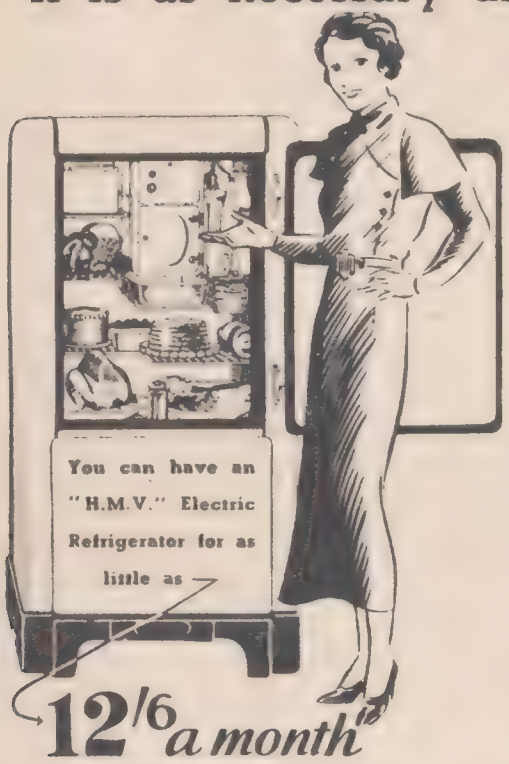

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Snatching up a wine glass he dashed the contents in my face.

I FIGHT *a*

I AM a buyer for a large firm of wholesale milliners, and among my other duties is the not too disagreeable one of regular half-yearly trips to the French capital.

As is well known, Paris is the headquarters and arbitrator of ladies' hat fashions, and, in wholesale millinery, the firm which is "out of fashion" might just as well be out of business.

Our half-yearly—spring and autumn—purchases abroad are not solely for the purpose of reselling at a profit, although a good deal of this business is done in the better end—otherwise, the more expensive end—of the trade. A fair amount of our purchases, however, are never intended to be resold, but are bought for the one and only purpose of copying.

For instance, an exclusive model that originally cost guineas in Paris may, within the space of a week or so, be selling in London, in a slightly modified style, at the same number of shillings. Often, if he has a good designer with him, the buyer does not trouble to secure the model at all, but leaves the copying to the keen eye and retentive mind of his companion.

Of course, he is forced to make some purchases, or the salons would cease to be open to him; and, finally, lest any of my readers think there is anything underhand in this method of business, let me tell you that the wily Frenchmen know perfectly well what goes on—and charge accordingly.

On the occasion of which I am speaking, I had with me an exceedingly clever and pretty young designer, and although she was not picked for her looks, but only for her skill, the fact that she was pretty was no disadvantage when dealing with the susceptible Continental business men. In the end it might have cost me my life—but I am anticipating.

In those days I did not know the famous French city so well as I do now, although I had been there several times during and since the war; to Connie, my companion, the place was entirely new.

For a day or two we combined business with pleasure, and enjoyed both. The days we spent touring the fashion centres; the evenings in sampling the different places of amusement, and in Paris their name is legion. It was on one of these evening trips that the incident occurred which caused all the bother.

Quite casually we had dropped into a cafe the character of which I did not know at the time, or I should never have taken a young girl in with me. But I had ordered a Bock for myself and a glass of sweet wine for my companion before I realised where I was. Not wishing to look conspicuous by making an immediate withdrawal, I decided that we should finish our refreshments and then move along to more congenial surroundings.

We had not been sitting down more than a minute or two before I noticed that Connie was being very rudely, and quite openly, ogled by a young Parisian at an adjacent table.

He was of the type that is common to all great cities the world over; obviously well blessed with worldly goods, he was just as obviously busy sowing those wild oats that are considered almost a part of the education of the sons of a certain section of wealthy society.

To aggravate matters, the young fool was at least half-seas-over, and his leering glances raised my ire. Fortunately, I have learned to keep my temper in a hard school, and the last thing I wanted was to drag this young girl into an ugly kind of scene. So I paid and we prepared to leave almost as soon as we had entered.

Things were not to end so easily, however, for, as we passed the table occupied by the young blood, he rose to his feet, rather unsteadily and, swaying towards us, made a remark that made me thankful that Connie did not speak a word of French. Keeping my temper with difficulty, I brushed him aside and was passing on when, without a moment's hesitation, the intoxicated young idiot snatched up a glass nearly full of wine and dashed the contents in my face.

That did it; there is a limit to anything, and before I could restrain myself I had knocked him down. I did not earn any particular bouquets for the action, as, apart from being nearly drunk, my opponent was little above half my size.

Fortunately there was not so much of a scene as might have been the case. My assailant's companions were evidently as anxious to avoid unwelcome publicity as I was myself, and, with the quick intervention of the manager, the whole affair ended with me handing over my business card, with the name of the hotel at which we were staying scribbled on the back.

But the affair was not yet ended. Next morning I was informed that a gentleman was waiting to see me on very urgent business. I descended to the foyer, where I found an immaculately dressed young Frenchman awaiting me. I had no difficulty in recognising him as one of the companions of the fellow whose beauty I had spoiled the night before.

With much bowing, allied to a politeness that was embarrassing, he requested the name of my "friend." This puzzled me for a moment, and then I saw his drift. As patiently as I could, I explained that it was against the law of my country to engage in a duel, and that, in any case, I had not the slightest intention of sticking a foot or so of steel into the body of his friend; neither did I intend that he should have the chance of performing a similar operation on me.

My visitor said that that was not at all necessary; indeed, as the challenged party, I had the choice of weapons. I suggested boxing gloves, and nearly had another duel on my hands on the spot, for he had no sense of humour. It almost came to

DUEL

another scene before I finally convinced him that under no circumstances whatever would I give my late sparring partner the chance of a spectacular revenge.

One thing I did learn, and that was that the gentleman with the free hand with the wine glass was a well-known lad about town; the despair of his aristocratic family.

With only a couple of days to go before my return to London, I once again dismissed the matter from my mind, and again, as things turned out, prematurely.

All arrangements had been made for our departure by an early train from the Gare de Nord, and I was congratulating myself on a good business trip and the satisfactory evasion of what had, at one time, looked like turning into an awkward situation, when, returning to our hotel overnight, I was handed a letter addressed to myself, and marked "Personal." Opening this, I found it to be a communication from a man I knew well as the designer of one of the most exclusive fashion houses in Paris.

In his letter he stated that he had designed a new shape that was certain to be a winner, and if I liked to have a look at it I could come to his private house in the suburbs; he added that he would send his car along for me at seven o'clock the following morning; he mentioned his price, which was not unreasonable.

The car, a surprisingly luxurious one, arrived dead on time, driven by a chauffeur in immaculate livery. We quickly left the centre of the city and were soon bowling along towards the outer suburbs. Suddenly the car swerved sharply aside and through the open gates of what, to any eye, was obviously a house of the "mansion" class. Then indeed did I sit up and take notice.

A nice car and a chauffeur—perhaps!—but no designer of my knowledge was sufficiently wealthy to live in a residence of this description. However, before I had time to make a protest, the chauffeur turned off at an angle from the main drive and stopped adjacent to a small, beautifully grassed lawn. It was secluded from the view of the house by tall elm trees and thick shrubbery, beside which a group of five men awaited us. Two of these I immediately recognised. One was the fellow who had demanded to see my "friend," and the other the young blood whose head I had punched.

Jumping from the car, I strode angrily towards the group. "What the deuce is the meaning of this outrage?" I demanded.

An elderly man of aristocratic bearing advanced to meet me. Under his arm he carried a suggestive black box about eighteen inches long. Politely he raised his hat.

"I must apologise, m'sieur, for so drastically interfering with your arrangements," he said, "but, as in love and war, in an affair of honour all things are permissible." He continued :—

"As I think you have already been informed, the gentleman you assaulted comes of a family who have never in their history accepted a blow without seeking satisfaction. The fact that we had information that you were on the point of departing, made the matter urgent. Hence what would, at first sight, appear an unwarrantable interference with your liberty."

Flatly I told this gang of idiots that they were half a dozen generations behind the times. I added that nothing would induce me to fight a duel, but that I intended to return to my hotel at once; and woe betide the man who tried to stop me. I was wrong.

There are certain expressions that no man with red blood in his veins will take lying down. The fellow whose eye I had blacked used the worst of these, with emphasis. Something snapped inside my brain. "That settles it. I will fight!" I growled.

Evidently pleased with my decision, the elderly man at once opened his black box. Inside reposed two beautifully chased, long duelling pistols, and, after explaining that they were already loaded, he offered me first choice. My second took the nearest and handed it over to me.

The conditions were simple. We were placed twenty paces apart, and at the count of three were to fire at our discretion. Only one shot each would be allowed. Usually in affairs of this sort it is customary to fire in the air, but there was a look in my opponent's one useful eye that told me that on this occasion there would be no wild shooting.

As I walked to my station I did some rapid thinking, for, although these fire-eaters did not know it, I happen to be a first-class shot; during the war I was the best revolver shot in the brigade. At that range the upraised hand and arm of my opponent would make a fair target for one of my ability, and I decided to try to cripple him with a quick shot before he himself had a chance to shoot. By the way he handled his weapon, I could see that he was not nearly so expert as I.

It was an eerie, unreal feeling as we stood facing each other across the greensward; like watching a film, only now I wasn't watching.

"*Une, deux, trois!*" At the last word there was a double bang, my own a split second in front. My adversary stood unharmed, but he appeared chagrined that I also was intact; a tiny spiral of smoke curled up from the muzzles of each of the pistols.

Well, that was the end of it, or nearly so. Honour was declared to be satisfied, and with formal bows we parted, for good this time.

As I was about to step into the waiting car, the elderly man approached me. "Excuse me, m'sieur," he said, "but, as it happens to be my car that you are using, may I request the honour of sharing it as far as your hotel?"

We had driven a mile or so in silence before I spoke. "Why," I asked, "as so much trouble was taken in the first place, were the pistols loaded only with blank?"

My companion shrugged his shoulders. "So-o you noticed that?" he said. "I observed that m'sieur handled his weapon with knowledge. It is fortunate that our young, excitable friend is not equally expert. He would never forgive the subterfuge."

That was my first, and it will be my last, duel; also, when on business in Paris, I now travel alone—always.

True Life Stories

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Continuing Joan's Strange Story

itself, too; while it was with us, it even replaced one of its damaged feet with a new one which it made itself. I'm prepared to admit that it might have been made to do all that by remote control, except for one thing—the lack of time lag."

"You mean," said Dugan, as if the idea had just filtered past his resistance, "you mean that this thing was a what shall we call it?—a robot?"

"We shall not call it a robot," said Doctor Grayson. "'Robot' was a word which Capek used to mean a synthetic human workman, but since Froud's miserable profession took the word up, it's ceased to mean anything. Anyway, there's no synthetic man appearance about this thing." He turned to Joan. "The trouble about you is that you're such a level-headed young woman. If almost anyone else I know had come out with a suggestion like that, I'd have recommended a nice long sleep, with a sedative. As it is——" He shrugged.

"It takes some getting used to," she admitted.

Froud nodded. "More than that. By the way, this isn't your idea of doing a journalist a good turn and providing him with copy, is it?"

"And yet," Joan went on, "when you get used to the idea, it doesn't seem quite so unreasonable, somehow. Machinery must be gradually evolving in some way: why not towards this?"

THIS is not the place to lecture upon the details of the inter-planetary journey. If you want the figures of the quantity of explosives used, of the changes consequent upon extra load, rates of acceleration and deceleration, necessary corrections of course, divergencies between theory and performance, etc., you will find them, together with a host of other details, carefully considered in Dale's book, *The Bridging of Space*, and some of them, more popularly arranged, in Froud's *Flight of the "Gloria Mundi."*

Here one is interested chiefly in the aspect which neither of these gentlemen saw fit, for one reason or another, to include in his book. And though I believe that Froud toyed for a time with the idea of a less impersonal story of the flight, it is unlikely now that it will ever be written.

Therefore, if I do not tell you this story as I had it, partly from Joan and partly from the rest, it is likely that it may never be told. But in case you should say to yourself—"these people seem to have talked a great deal, but one feels that they might have done that anywhere. They seem singularly unmoved by the fact that they are taking part in one of history's greatest adventures": in case you say that, let me point out that though travelling through space may be an exciting adventure in prospect and in retrospect, yet in actual accomplishment, I am assured, it is extremely tedious.

It was Dr. Grayson, I think, who said:—

"Fancy buying undying fame merely at the cost of six months' close confinement."

While Froud quoted the classic words of an earlier intrepid flier:—

"It was a lousy trip—and that's praising it."

But looking back on the journey they get it in perspective and agree that it was not a monotonous whole. The longer view reveals that it fell into distinct phases, each with its own particular complexion. One of the most marked of these was the period which followed Joan's announcement of her belief in a sentient machine.

Whether she timed it by skill or luck, there is no doubt that the moment was well chosen. Four weeks before, with the memories of everyday life clinging more closely, it would have met with immediate ridicule. But now, from a mixture of motives, it was not airily dismissed. For one thing, they knew the girl better and their attitudes towards her had changed, and, for another, one could not afford, with the threat of a deadly boredom overhanging, to dismiss any subject which showed possibilities of interesting discussion.

Her fantastically improbable suggestion had, therefore, a more kindly reception than it deserved, though it is doubtful if any one of the rest took it as more than a basis for entertaining speculation. But, certainly, at this time their interest in the conditions they expected to find upon Mars became sharper.

Though there were times when the topic palled as indeed all topics palled, yet it remained frequently recurrent, and, becoming more accustomed, lost in the process much of its first fantastic quality. Familiarity admittedly breeds contempt where one's own preconceptions were at fault, but it is no less efficient at clearing up one's mental miscarriages. The occupants of the *Gloria Mundi* would have been surprised could they have made a direct comparison between their earlier defensive ridicule and the state of hypothetical acceptance which they gradually reached. The only one who yielded no ground either in conviction or assertion was Joan—unless that were also true of Burns.

But Burns was inscrutable. He had withdrawn into an aloofness which began to cause both the doctor and Dale serious misgiving. At times there was a look on his face and a curious glitter in his eyes which gave the former a very lively apprehension of trouble to come. Then he would sink back again into a less alarming, but no more healthy apathy from which it appeared impossible to rouse him. Since his frustrated assault upon Joan he had not troubled her actively. She could not decide in her own mind whether he was restrained by the thought of Froud's pistol which she habitually carried in her pocket, or by some mental process of his own. Nevertheless, she felt to some extent responsible for his isolation. Although she knew that Froud had not told the rest of the incident and that Burns' withdrawal was entirely voluntary, an instinct urged her to approach him and, if possible, draw him back into the party. For the first time she waived her resolution and singled one of the men out for special attention.

She took to including him pointedly in the general conversation; asking him questions unnecessarily to bring him out of his retirement. Frequently they remained unanswered, apparently unheard, and upon the occasion when he did reply, it was usually in monosyllables. But she persisted in spite of his stubbornness.

The climax came one "day" over a month after they had passed the half-way stage. Under a fortnight now separated them from the end of the journey. An enlivened sense of expectation amongst the rest was making the engineers' isolation even more pronounced. Joan, feeling for some half-understood reason that the solidarity of the group was essential, sat down next to him and began to ask questions on the wear of rocket tube linings. The rest did not catch his reply, but they saw her stiffen and flush and noticed the gleam of anger in her eyes. Dugan chose to interfere. He walked across and demanded to know what Burns had said. Burns ignored him. Dugan repeated, angrily:

"What did you say to Miss Shirning just now?"

Burns looked up slowly. In his eyes was that expression which had worried the doctor, but he spoke calmly enough:

"You mind your own business."

Dugan scowled, and looked questioningly at Joan. She shook her head.

"It was nothing," she said.

Burns grinned unpleasantly.

"You see, she doesn't mind. And if you still want to know, I told her to stop messing about here and to go and——"

But Dugan had his excuse. Before the engineer could finish, he had lunged at him. It was a clumsy stroke. Forgetful of his weightless condition, he misjudged it hopelessly. The blow missed the jaw and took the other on the shoulder; ineffectually, for his back was against the wall. Before any of the rest could interfere, Burns brought up one hard knobbly fist in a jolt to Dugan's chin, which broke the younger man's contact with the floor and sent him drifting obliquely upwards across the room. Burns laughed for the first time in weeks as the other struggled to make contact with his feet on the curved ceiling. Dugan, further infuriated by the sound, managed it at last. He turned, crouched a moment, and then launched himself back. But he did not reach the engineer. Dale and Froud, by common consent, intercepted his flight and dragged him to the floor.

Froud has since been heard to lament the necessity. A fight unhampered by gravity promised to be a uniquely interesting spectacle, but he agreed with Dale that it could not be risked.

Joan moved away from Burns whose grin grew the more sardonic as he watched her go. Froud and Dale hung on to Dugan while his anger cooled into sullenness. The little flare was allowed to fade into unsatisfactory inconclusiveness, but it left behind it an increased hostility between the participants, and an increased misgiving among the rest. The gap between them and the engineer, already too wide, was enlarged.

Next Week:
SECRETS OF MARS.

SAFETY FIRST FOR THE FAMILY

THE National Safety First Association is giving special attention to all aspects of children's accidents, and its activities include the displaying of posters in schools, essay competitions and the Association's sound film "Alert to-day, Alive to-morrow," has already been seen by more than 500,000 children.

While everything is being done to reduce the number of accidents among children by making them danger-conscious, parents should take the precaution of filling the forms for THE PASSING SHOW's great Free Family Insurance Gift.

Should the children of any registered reader of THE PASSING SHOW meet with an accident, he would receive, under the Children's Accidents Section of the Insurance Gift, cheques that make all the difference in paying doctors' bills and buying small luxuries during convalescence.

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Registration forms for this Security Scheme appear on page 38. Fill them up now.

A Two-Year Presentation

TO-DAY THE PASSING SHOW announces on pages 4 and 5 a grand new Triple Presentation to every one of its readers. It is three gifts in one: a magnificent set comprising a fountain pen, propelling pencil and pocket-knife—all to match. What could be more serviceable? Three things that give invaluable service every day.

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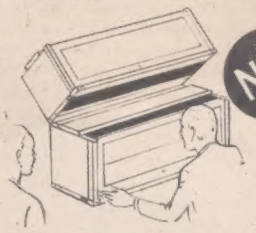

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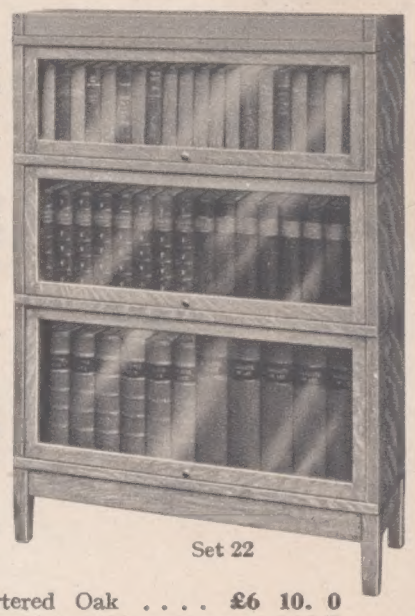

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You're Telling Us!

She loves to make crude puns and smoke Virginian cigarettes.

INTO THIS EDITORIAL DEN, high above the Banana Barons and the fruitful hurly-burly of Covent Garden, there has penetrated the anguished, haunting cry of a highbrow in love. This poor man, fettered with desires for art and culture and all the "isms" of the aesthetic, has fallen for a girl with a brow that is "villainous low."

ALLOW ME TO UNBURDEN my heart to you," explodes this dynamic young highbrow, who signs himself "T.N.T. Northern Ireland." His real name must be too, too shattering for inflammable paper. "I have now perused your page long enough to be fully aware of the subtle ingenuity and motherly care with which you tackle the problems of afflicted readers," he continues.

MY TROUBLE, ALAS, IS A LADY!" Oh, Classic phrase! "Believe me, Mr. Editor, I am in love. Mine is no common love. It is real; it is true; it has its foundations in the primitive workings of Nature Herself." Only a highbrow fed on Proust, Plato and Pluto, to say nothing of Lawrence and Aldous Huxley could have thought of that.

I FEEL LOVE PULSATING through my veins," says our ungodly gallant as he steadies his racing typewriter to take the longest leaps he can find in the dictionary. "I am a veritable Romeo. I revel in philosophy, poetry, art, music—and love. I am a philanthropic (e.g., lover of mankind) sentimentalist but in my lady—what lamentable antithesis!" Now hear his mournful cry . . . "Though graced with the charm and the beauty of a Juliet, she has scarcely even heard of Kant, Swinburne, Epstein or Mozart"—there's a girl for you—"and she loves to make crude puns, smoke Virginian cigarettes, to read Fletcher, Burrows, Hale and the like.

I HAVE LISTENED in anguish to her recitations from the minor poets. She thought—excuse my tears—that Il Penseroso was a Spanish Gallant of the Middle Ages." We always thought it was a cheese! "None can realise better than you, dear Editor, the seriousness of the marriage tie, so I appeal to your fairmindedness to weigh the pros and cons and tell the world—what would you do?"

IF THAT GRAND little bundle of energy known to our readers as J. Murray Smith, were here to read our editorial thoughts—there's many a time when it would cause him great pain—he would find us debating whether we should be cynical in the grand manner about marriage or whether we should tell the truth, causing a precedence that might set the world by its ears.

AT LEAST T. N. T. proves that Love is not blind for he shudders when his beloved archly says, "I Kant understand this fellow Kant's Treatise on Pure Reason. I'm going back to my Hale-fellow-well-met-thriller." But the main point, T.N.T., old boy, is whether she can cook, and darn your socks and bring you gently back to earth when you are day-dreaming on the hills of the aesthetic to remind you that your boss is probably expecting you at the office.

IT MAY SOUND VERY DULL to a highbrow, but life's like that. It's better to be awakened in the morning by a cup of tea than a flowery speech from Swinburne. To marry your inspiration may sound very fine in a novel, but in practice you might as well cherish a love for Ursa Major. The wife you'll learn to love when the first hot flames of passion have died is the girl who will be loyal and helpful, the sincere creature who will provide the companionship that even highbrows cannot scorn without sorrow. So throw away your dictionary, stick to good old English words, forget that superior highbrow stuff—and Marry the Girl.

FROM THIS PROBLEM of Love among the Highbrows we must turn to another problem which also contains in its baffled appeal all the elements of drama, all the poignancy of human bewilderment that has caused so many philosophic books to be written that if they were laid end to end—I wouldn't be a bit surprised. "During the last six months," complains Vernon Abbott, of Welling, Kent, "I have made copies of all the 'ways to success' that I could find. There are inspiring quotations galore, dozens of nifty phrases, heartening hints from important persons. My collection is amazing; it is full of meaty reading. I know all the 'Secrets of Success' from every angle, yet I'm still floundering on the bottom rung."

Someday a bird will sing from its branches.

SERVICE on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

TO BEGIN WITH, what does he mean by success, asks Uncle Joe, his eyes glinting dangerously as he prepares to drag out the platitudes or the cliches or the purple patches—or whatever you like to call them—with which men have been filling books on success for centuries. You see Abbott, my boy, even Uncle Joe might have been "a success" if such a triumph depended only on taking hints from other men's books. Like the Alchemists of old you can go on looking for a recipe for happiness or for gold all your life yet remain the same lean, miserable soul you were at the start.

THEY SAY you'll only find happiness or success—if you like—by pursuing something else. If you do a job for its own sake you are more likely to be happy or successful than if you did it merely to be successful. It's rather like planting a tree in the hope that someday a bird will sing from its branches. This is all very old stuff, older even than Uncle Joe who has gone away to write about success, but that detracts nothing from its truth.

JOHN MCMILLAN, of Piccadilly, has I think touched the sore spots in the lives of both T.N.T. and Abbott by his thoughts of a Little Man Rolling Up Regent Street in a Pony Chaise, Oblivious to the Roaring Traffic's Boom. "He felt a little different," says John, who is a wise fellow, "and that set me thinking. Aren't we all rather like him, trying so hard to show that we have something the others haven't got? Whether we strain ourselves trying to produce superraucous noises, or smoke specially blended cigarettes, or gleefully exhibit rare postage stamps, we are seeking the same effect as the French dandy who dyed his hair green."

ATTABOY, JOHN. That'll give the lads something to think about. We'll most certainly give your name to our new colleague, a black Cocker Spaniel, whose brooding eyes and mournful jowl stamp him as being wiser even than the redoubtable Uncle Joe.

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Solution Next Week

CLUES ACROSS.

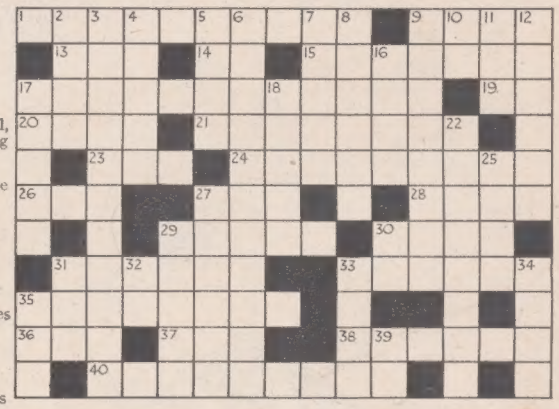
1. Fellow-feeling.
9. Restrain.
13. Proverbially busy.
14. Both ends of 31 across.
15. A sun screen.
17. Cite Paris tap (anagram).
19. Only half dole.
20. Singular time.
21. To plunder.
23. Important personage of either sex (initials).
24. So la dunce remains uncomforted.
26. May be north or south, Indian or Irish.
27. Of many years.
28. Made fabric.
29. Worthless matter.
30. Bean may be poisonous.
31. Slick, shall we say?
33. Back of this must be distant.
35. Suggestion of three asses in such strata.
36. Possessive of sit.
37. Second syllable of 22.
38. To feel discontent with reference to conifer.
40. Angle vice refers to better tidings.

P	A	G	E	S	■	S	T	A	R	■	O	G	R	E
A	D	E	P	T	■	H	O	M	E	S	■	E	E	L
R	A	T	I	O	N	A	L	■	P	■	R	Y	■	■
L	■	S	C	R	O	L	L	■	L	■	L	U	G	S
I	T	■	S	E	R	E	■	S	A	T	A	N	■	I
A	I	M	S	■	■	S	E	C	O	N	D	■	A	■
M	E	A	L	■	P	A	T	T	E	R	N	■	A	N
E	■	S	O	C	A	G	E	■	D	R	E	S	S	■
N	O	T	O	R	I	E	T	Y	■	E	D	I	C	T
T	R	E	M	O	R	■	O	W	N	■	D	O	E	■
S	A	D	■	P	■	C	R	U	E	T	■	E	T	A

Solution to last week's puzzle

CLUES DOWN.

2. Go to Bangor if you will, but you'll be wrong (hidden).
3. Has crime den for the goods.
4. Simon was his alias.
5. Small bags.
6. Laying down conditions.
7. O friends for precious stones
8. The French are one.
9. Sway a cat (anagram).
10. You and me and perhaps others.
11. Not edible though it may be in pickle.
12. Fair.
16. Not imaginary.
17. Here's balance.
18. Small lakes.
22. Frugal or careful.
25. No odds here.
27. A prayer.
29. Coast for opera lady.
30. Head of 33 across.
31. Take skill out of 17.
32. A 31 distinction (initials).
33. First or second half of tropical malady.
34. Palindromic action.
35. Metal.
39. This body executes things presumably (initials).



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Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Post Free all over the World (except Canada): 15s. 2d. per annum, 7s. 7d. for six months, 3s. 10d. for three months. For Canada, 13s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post, and entered as second-class matter May 17, 1929, at New York Post Office, N.Y. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's, Ltd., Bookshops at 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and 75 Boulevard Adolphe Max. Bruxelles and Messageries Dawson, 13 Rue Albouy, Paris.

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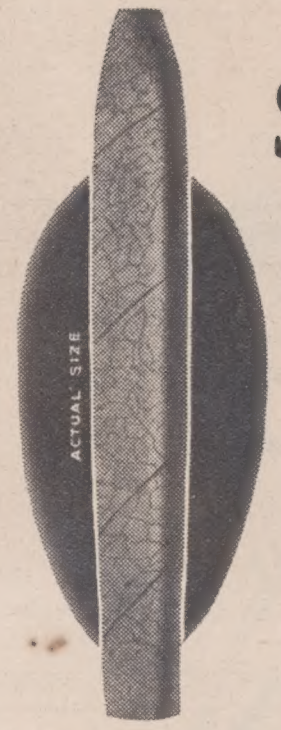

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There's the big match on this afternoon—a special occasion. What about something rather special to smoke? Obviously Wills's Whiffs—mild, cool, real cigar flavour *and* quite inexpensive.

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HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6d. 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

WW21

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At this time of the year, with its quick changes of weather conditions, numerous families are afflicted with a variety of petty pains, such as headaches, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatic twinges. The general result is discord in the home. Much suffering, distress and confusion are caused which are totally unnecessary if 'ASPRO' is taken. KEEP 'ASPRO' TABLETS IN THE HOME AND YOU KEEP PAIN AWAY. This is a positive and definite fact—confirmed by hundreds of thousands of users throughout the world, for 'ASPRO' does its work quickly and safely. 'ASPRO' acts in a comforting, soothing manner. It does not harm the heart nor does it cause any gastric upset. It benefits all and harms none, so—

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'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

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'ASPRO' REG. TRADE MARK

FRIENDS CALL HER MRS 'ASPRO'

Mrs. Cross writes from 54 Lichfield Road, Bow, London, E.3.: "Please accept my words of gratitude for your wonderful 'ASPRO' tablets. I could not sleep at night for the pains about my head and body, but since taking 'ASPRO' I am a new woman. I am such a strong believer in them that my friends are always calling me 'Mrs. ASPRO.' They are also priceless for children's colds, and I shall always be glad to recommend them."

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J. W., of Hammersmith, London, W.6, writes: "I was demobilised on July 20, 1919, after four years doing ambulance on the Western front. Came home eaten up with rheumatism and have been a great sufferer since until a few weeks ago. I was advised to try 'ASPRO' and I may tell you or anyone else that I am not sorry for I feel a different man already. I shall recommend them to all sufferers I come in contact with."

TAKE 'ASPRO' FOR

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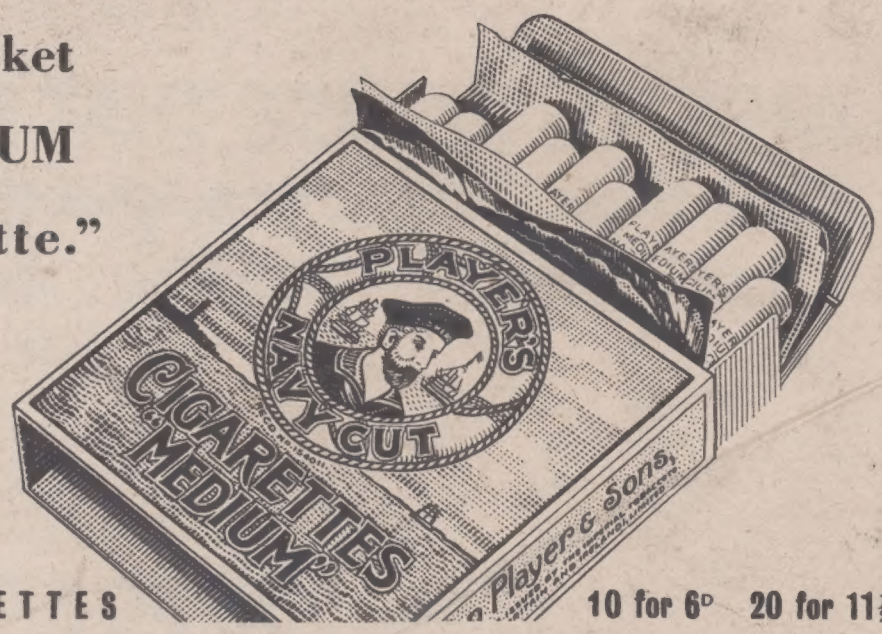
"I *always* make sure of PLAYER'S by looking for the lifebuoy on the packet and the words PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT on each Cigarette."



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10 for 6D 20 for 11½D

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